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THE MORAL OF THE ELLENBOROUGH DEBATE.

WE are extremely curious to know whether the journalists who, a month or six weeks ago, addressed a somewhat withering rebuke to the partisans of the East India Company for presuming to doubt the competence of Parliament to govern India by "common sense," still adhere, amid the wreck of their confidence in the House of Commons, to a belief in this fragment of its omnipotence. The people of England, in the amplitude of knowledge derived from their "fathers, brothers, and sons"—and their representatives, full of the illumination of Blue-books—have made their essay in the direct government of India. The result is that a futile attempt to enforce the responsibility of a delinquent Minister has ended in a public acknowledgment of Parliamentary incompetence, founded on a public admission of Parliamentary ignorance.

The existing system only works well when it is worked fairly. Like the English Constitution, the Double Government of India assumes the existence of good faith and good sense in the powers which it balances against each other; nor can anything be more foolish than the assertions of those who condemn it on the ground that the public servants who administer it, by going to the very extreme of their legal capacities, may produce movements very different from its ordinary operations. It was always possible for a reckless Minister to revolutionize the relations of the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, and this was done by Lord ELLENBOROUGH. By violently distorting the machinery of the Indian Government, he converted it into the counterpart of the organization which the India Bill is to establish. The principle of considering the Directors as degraded by a vote of the House of Commons into a body of private gentlemen, made Lord ELLENBOROUGH into the type of a responsible Indian Minister indulged with "plenty of elbow-room." Let us see how he acted. A great Statesman reached him from Calcutta. He disapproved of it, as he had a right to do, though he had taken no opinion on its meaning except that of persons infinitely less familiar with India than himself. He then answered it, but he addressed his reply, not to India, but to Bunkum. And, on the theory of the India Bill, he was perfectly right. If Bunkum is determined not to have the "shadow of a shade" between himself and India, it must be appealed to at all important crises of Indian Government, and it only shows a proper respect to address it in the language which it loves. If Bunkum declines to listen to everything which its Minister confides to it, it is in the position of a mistress who makes it a point of honour and duty never to let one servant speak evil to her of another. Such delicacy is not unreasonable when the lady has a housekeeper; but ruling by a housekeeper is, we submit, very flagrant double government. It will never do to proclaim to your establishment that you intend henceforward to be your own housekeeper, and then to dismiss the cook for informing you prematurely that the kitchen-maid is throwing the fat into the fire. There is, in short, no meaner course between delegating your authority to a viceroy with some measure of independence, and employing submissive instruments who will always err on the side of over-communicativeness, flattery, or timidity. There are facts enough to show what would have been the character of the communications between the Home Government and the Governor-General, if the existing Indian Administration had been permitted to flow in its usual and natural current. The Secret Committee would not, in the first place, have been employed at all. It is exceedingly remarkable that, just after this very despatch of April 26th had been sent off, Lord ELLENBOROUGH stated in the House of Lords that he had been compelled to force an important paper through the Secret Committee, because the urgency of the matter would

not admit of the delays which would have been occasioned by communicating it to the Directors; and the very next morning the *Times* adduced Lord ELLENBOROUGH's difficulty as quite fatal to the continuance of the East India Company. Perhaps the *Times* may now be disposed to think that the public interests would not have greatly suffered if the despatch had been retarded a few days, or even a week or two. As a matter of fact, however, the procedure of the full Court of Directors is quite as speedy as that of the Secret Committee, when the Court and the Board of Control are at one. It may readily be allowed that there would have been great delay if Lord ELLENBOROUGH had asked the judgment of the Directors on his pet piece of rhetoric, for they would doubtless have left no stone unturned to prevent its going out to India. On the other hand, if the Board of Control and the Court had preserved their ordinary relations, and the Secret Committee had not been misused for a purpose it was never intended to serve, the despatch sent to Lord CANNING on the subject of Oude would, of course, have been the clear, simple, and satisfactory one of May 5th. The House of Commons could have been honestly informed that proper securities had been taken against excessive severity; and, even had the publication of the Directors' despatch been insisted on, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL would not have been paralysed by a gross and public outrage.

The new system, besides increasing the facilities for committing an irremediable blunder, adds nothing whatever to the responsibility of its authors. It may indeed be said that the House of Commons enforced Lord ELLENBOROUGH's responsibility by compelling him to leave office. But at least four-fifths of those in whom such a view would be most natural are estopped from taking it by their refusal to consider Lord ELLENBOROUGH's withdrawal as a sufficient atonement for an offence in which all the Ministers were accomplices. The attempt to enforce the conjoint responsibility of the Cabinet—the only responsibility which the English Parliamentary system recognises—miscarried utterly; and it is even doubtful whether the disorganization of the Liberal party had not proceeded so far that Lord ELLENBOROUGH might have safely stayed to continue his series of despatches at Cannon-row. A gross mistake or a great crime committed by a responsible Indian Minister remains unexpiated; nor will anybody, we presume, deny that this immunity from punishment must be attributed to the impossibility of inducing the British Parliament to leave factions and their interests for a moment out of its sight. So entangled with considerations of party did the question instantly become that Lord SHAPTESBURY was under the necessity of making three separate appeals to the Almighty to witness his independence of motives of faction. In the Lower House, Mr. CARDWELL's resolution tendered the proper issue in language almost as careful as that of a *Nisi Prius* record; but the House of Commons is like a jury without a judge to confine its attention to the relevant points. Called upon to decide whether John Styles owed a hundred pounds to William Nokes, it proceeded to consider whether, if Styles were compelled to refund the money, he would be able to go on paying an annuity to his bedridden grandmother. Mr. CARDWELL asked it to suspend its judgment on Lord CANNING's Proclamation, but to resolve that Lord ELLENBOROUGH's despatch would probably cripple the high official to whom it was addressed. It replied by taking a week to consider whether Lord CANNING's measure was a merciful one, and whether the Tories were more civil than the Whigs. From the first moment of the debate to the last, no human being ever doubted that the personal preferences of a small minority would decide the question—no human being ever supposed that the interests of the Indian Empire would weigh a feather in the balance. It is now known that the appeal to Mr. CARDWELL to with-

draw his resolution had been arranged two days before it was made, and that it would have been hazarded even if the Government despatches had not been published. The *Times* has observed, with great truth, that a sheet of white paper in a blank envelope might have been received at Cannon-row with the like effect on the Independent Liberals. What an avowal is this from the theorist who supposes that the scribbles of our "fathers, brothers and sons," coupled with the perusal of tracts from the missionaries, and travels from Mr. MUDIE, will enable us to dispense with the long-descended traditions of a special Indian statesmanship inherited by the Court of Directors.

The pretext by which the House of Commons explained the ridiculous conclusion at which it arrived must not be forgotten. It declined the question because it was too ignorant to decide it; and it combined this confession with an acknowledgment of reckless precipitancy. A few days ago, said the spokesman of the Independent Liberals, we had no information on the point you submit to us, and accordingly, we would have voted with you, and turned out the Ministry. To-day we have a dribble of intelligence, and we find we are too hopelessly puzzled to be able to have any opinion whatever. And this *naïve* admission ends the great debate which ushers in the new Indian policy of England! The opponents of the India Bills have hitherto considered it doubtful whether, under the new system, the House of Commons would interfere so frequently as to confound policy, or so rarely as to encourage wilfulness. They are now bound in honesty to acknowledge that the House has curiously disappointed them, by meddling so as to produce the exact results of supineness.

INDIAN LEGISLATION.

THE rival India Bills and Resolutions are supererogatory works of folly, for the government of our Eastern Empire and the conduct of the war seem to be already transferred to the House of Commons; and, by a natural consequence, the organization of conquered provinces is made to depend on the personal popularity of English competitors for office, or on the fear of a dissolution. On the only question relating to India which lay within the competence of domestic politicians, the House of Commons, by abstaining from a vote on the proposed censure of the ELLENBOROUGH despatch, has formally declared itself unable to express an opinion. The discussion is accordingly to be taken on the land-titles of the Oude talookdars, and on the question whether Lord CANNING is right in vindicating the recent settlement, or Sir J. OUTRAM in reverting to the state of affairs which existed at the date of the annexation. Ministerial members and sympathizers, such as Lord JOHN MANNERS and Mr. BAILLIE, will defend the petty tyrants of Oude, in utter indifference to the effect which their speeches may produce on the local administration of affairs; and the Commissioner, if he is embarrassed by the Parliamentary authority which every dissatisfied litigant will adduce in favour of his claims, must console himself by reflecting on the inestimable advantages which are likely to arise from the abolition of the Double Government, from the repudiation of traditional policy, and from the mysterious doctrine of constitutional responsibility. Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. DISRAELI did injustice to their common policy when they announced the frivolous purpose of creating a new Government at home which should leave the Indian Administration altogether untouched. The more serious object of bringing Imperial interests into subordination to domestic faction has been realized in anticipation of the measures by which it is hereafter to be permanently secured. Lord ELLENBOROUGH has been allowed to gratify his caprice by a dangerous and almost treasonable manifesto, because the censure, which ought instantly to have been pronounced by Parliament, would have incidentally led to a change of Ministry; and the House of Commons has, with shameless inconsistency, abdicated the function of control at the same moment that it wantonly intruded into the most delicate problems of Eastern administration and diplomacy. Wilfully blind to the beam in its own eye, or to the delinquency of the Cabinet which it maintains in office, the House is about, under the sober and statesmanlike guidance of Sir DE LACY EVANS, to investigate in the face of the world the alleged mote which is supposed to have interfered with Lord CANNING's administrative vision. The Marquis of CLANRICARDE and Lord ALBEMARLE, as the zealous and appropriate representatives of the popular policy, will not fail to impress on the House of Lords the necessity of a similar

inquiry. Whom the Gods wish to destroy, whether in the capacity of Indian rulers or otherwise, they first deprive of their senses, and especially of common-sense; and in the case of the English nation, the preliminary process seems to have been fully accomplished. There only remains the hope that the converse may not be universally true, and that a possibly temporary delusion may not entail irrevocable ruin on our Empire in the East.

The mistaken application of the constitutional theory naturally leads to the most unconstitutional results in practice. Even if all considerations of prudence and convenience are to be set aside, Lord CANNING ought to be held responsible to Parliament only through the Cabinet which maintains him in office; nor would Lord DERBY and his colleagues, if they appreciated either their duty or their dignity, allow any Parliamentary inquiry to be proposed without staking the existence of their Government on the rejection of the resolution. The House of Commons may possess irresistible power within the sphere of its attributes, but the metaphorical omnipotence of any political body must be limited by the laws of nature and of reason. By encroaching on the functions of the Executive, which is its own creature and necessary agent, the House deprives itself of its only efficient mode of acting upon public affairs. The Ministers cease to be responsible when Parliament corresponds directly with subordinate functionaries under pretence of examining into the due performance of their duties. It is an indispensable condition of Constitutional government that no administrative questions should be brought before the representatives of the people except in the last resort. The Parliamentary administration of India means either party government or anarchy: and the Minister who attempts to escape from the dilemma by the betrayal of a Viceroy to a hostile or collusive faction, deserves the impeachment which Lord ELLENBOROUGH has escaped, and the ostracism which his intemperance fully has incurred. Some years ago, when Lord TORRINGTON's administration of Ceylon was assailed by the present Secretary of the Board of Control, Lord GREY manfully avowed his own responsibility for the acts of a Governor whom, nevertheless, he consented to recall. It is not to be endured that the House of Commons should enter into a discussion of the conduct of Indian affairs without requiring the Cabinet to stand or fall by some positive declaration of policy. The true doctrine of the Constitution was, in fact, vaguely apprehended by many half-enlightened reasoners during the recent debate. The constant protests against considerations of party, accompanied in all instances by more earnest appeals to factious motives, proceeded from a hazy consciousness that party interests were inseparable from Parliamentary discussion, and at the same time utterly irrelevant to the administration of India. The government of the country cannot be carried on if the Ministry affects to be neutral on any question more serious than the suppression of barrel-organs, or Mr. SLANEY's motions for the encouragement of the working classes; but, on the other hand, it is impossible that India should be retained if the relative preponderance of conflicting parties is to depend on the merits of a dispute between the Governor-General and some dependent ally. Mr. VERNON SMITH, in compensation for innumerable disqualifications for his post, represented, with a happy symbolism, the nullity which ought, in ordinary cases, to characterize the representative of Indian policy in Parliament. His colleagues might have been supposed to deprecate unreasonable interpellations from friends or opponents, by the selection of a President of the Board of Control who could under no circumstances be expected to return a satisfactory answer. It was some time after his appointment that, in bringing forward the mischievous India Bill, Lord PALMERSTON yielded to a stronger temptation than that of persevering in a practical joke which, in fact, was only the accidental consequence of a personal job. Lord ELLENBOROUGH has completed the proof that, as Parliament can only govern by party, India cannot safely be entrusted to the direct superintendence of Parliament.

If the discussion on the proclamation is allowed to proceed, Lord CANNING's friends have no reason to fear the consequences. The extravagance of the charges which were brought forward by Lord ELLENBOROUGH, and repeated by the more reckless supporters of Government in the late debate, has already produced a reaction in favour of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. The opinion of Sir JAMES OUTRAM on the expediency of the Lucknow proclamation is evidently founded on the assumption that the confiscation of proprietary rights was only a menace to

contumacious opponents. Mr. EDMONSTONE's reply is at least as plausible as the remonstrance of the CHIEF COMMISSIONER, and it contains no trace of irritation, of precipitancy, or of wilful injustice. The objections to the policy of allowing the land-settlement to be annulled by insurrection are universally intelligible, if not insurmountable, and the House of Commons will feel that a Parliamentary reversal of so deliberate and dispassionate a decision would be utterly devoid of moral authority. It cannot be forgotten that Lord CANNING incurred the censure of many members of the present Government for his firmness in resisting the indiscriminate injustice of popular clamour against the natives, and the country will be slow to believe that he has justified the invectives of Lord ELLENBOROUGH by transcending in cruelty and rapacity all the most notorious conquerors in history. The chiefs of the army, properly confining their wishes to the suppression of armed rebellion, may be excused for criticising the exigencies of a superior who postpones their success while he extends his demands on their energies; but it is no ground of accusation against a statesman that he has preferred completeness to facility, and refused to purchase immediate peace by dispensing with the unqualified submission of insurgents. The choice of objects and of means can only be adequately appreciated when the struggles of the day shall have passed into the domain of history. Premature censure of the course which has actually been adopted is equivalent to an absolute refusal of all discretion. If the recent precedent is followed, the result will not be a Governor-General exempt from error, but a pageant Viceroy as incapable of independent action as an Irish Lord-Lieutenant.

The publication of the Oude correspondence, though it may have produced a beneficial effect, was in itself a part of a weak and vicious system. It is impossible that vigorous administration can be combined with the advantage of confidential advice from subordinate agents, if all official recommendations and remonstrances are to share the publicity which belongs to the ultimate decisions of the supreme authority. Commanders-in-Chief are not in the habit of forwarding to the newspapers all the suggestions which they may receive from their Generals of Divisions or from their Chiefs of the Staff; and the Governor-General cannot advantageously consult a provincial Commissioner if the answer to his communication is to be used in evidence against himself. The injury which would result to the public service from the publication of all communications between the heads of departments and their official advisers would be trifling compared with the habitual exposure of the confidential counsels of the Governor-General, and the reasons for secrecy which ought to be conclusive during peace are even more urgent in time of war. Every letter and despatch which is laid before Parliament finds its way, within two or three months, to the camps and forts of the rebels in Oude or Rohilkund. A proclamation lately published by one of the insurgent leaders contained a not inaccurate summary of the follies and fallacies which swarmed in the English press on the first intelligence of the mutiny. The confidential letters of the principal servants of the Supreme Government would furnish still more valuable materials for attacks on the English supremacy.

The tardy assurances of support which have been sent to Lord CANNING may possibly arrive too late to anticipate his resignation; nor will the mischief of the factious attacks on his policy be confined to the public loss involved in the retirement of an efficient and successful Governor-General. The same causes which may have rendered it impossible for him to remain in office will necessarily hamper the exertions of his successor. It is difficult for a statesman to judge, in the midst of a rebellion, in what proportions clemency and vigour ought to be combined for the purpose of perpetuating order as well as of restoring peace; and the task becomes infinitely more complicated when it is necessary, not only to suppress insurrection, but to adopt language which may be deemed satisfactory by the House of Commons. Lord ELLENBOROUGH's violence is, happily, an exceptional inconvenience; but the recent Parliamentary debates may be renewed whenever premature interference with Indian administration happens to suit the purposes of a faction. Lord GREY provoked a smile when he explained, with the complacency of an old public servant, the recognised forms by which inconvenient curiosity ought to be met and baffled; but a Minister ought undoubtedly to be prepared with a parry for every attack which may be directed against the interest of the State. It is much better to return the conventional answer,

that the production of documents would be premature, than to promise a despatch one day, to except a portion of its contents on the next, and finally to produce the whole. Official reserve—or, in other words, fidelity to the confidence reposed in public functionaries—is becoming every day a rarer and more difficult virtue.

LATE EVENTS IN FRANCE.

IT is not easy to say what conclusion we ought to draw from the election of M. MIGEON for the Haut Rhine. It seems to prove too much. Alsace has hitherto been supposed to be peculiarly Bonapartist. It felt the heavy hand of the Allies in 1814, and the peasant mind was not far-seeing enough to lay its sufferings at the door of BONAPARTE, instead of laying them at the door of those whom BONAPARTE provoked to vengeance. This district furnished many of NAPOLEON's cuirassiers. In its cottages are probably still to be found a good many old men who can tell of the dreadful charges of Waterloo; and there must be many a thatched roof there which "knows no other history" than that of the founder of the Empire. Its turning against the Imperial Government, therefore, sounds almost like the crack of doom. M. MIGEON is in himself an inconsiderable person, so that it is only as the Opposition candidate that he can have won the suffrages of the electors. The Government had put forth its whole electioneering force against him. He came to the poll fresh from an imprisonment to which its shortsighted vindictiveness had consigned him, on a trumpety indictment for wearing an order which he was not authorized to wear. Not only the local officials, but the Minister of the Interior had charged the constituency against him and in favour of his opponent. Yet instead of the butterfly being broken on the wheel, it is the wheel that is broken. M. MIGEON is victorious; and his victory must have been signal and decisive; for, had the majority not been very large indeed, the officials of a Government which did not scruple to interfere grossly with the exercise of the suffrage, would scarcely have scrupled to rectify its untoward results. If this election is to be taken as a fair sample of the state of France, the Government is in the fatal position of resting on bayonets alone.

But, though of the doings of the French people, more than of the doings of any other people in Europe, it may be said that nothing is certain but the unexpected, yet we cannot believe that the wheel has all at once come full circle. Alsace cannot have suddenly ceased to be Bonapartist, or its peasantry to be the peasantry whom the Utopians of 1848 discovered to be immersed in moral and intellectual darkness after everything had been staked on their enlightened suffrage. Through the mist which envelops the event, we get a glimpse of accidental causes at work. The Government candidate, though officially recommended by the Bishop, appears not to have been very acceptable to the inferior clergy, who, perhaps, were not sorry to have the opportunity of reading to LOUIS NAPOLEON there the lesson of self-knowledge which Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. ROEBUCK read Lord PALMERSTON here. The distress among the farmers caused by the beneficent attempts of an Imperial Providence to regulate the price of food, is probably also causing a temporary irritation in the agricultural mind. The tyrannical interference of the Government, as it failed to crush M. MIGEON, would, of course, invest him with the halo of persecution. And, perhaps, as potent as any other motive, there was the fashion of the hour. Paris had elected two Opposition candidates in the teeth of Government influence. Should Alsace be behind Paris in boldness or create less sensation? Let us never forget that in putting to death LOUIS XVI. and MARIE ANTOINETTE, the French Revolutionists were, beyond question, partly actuated by the desire of capping the most striking feature of the English Rebellion. Let us never forget, in short, in talking of French affairs, that we are talking of the affairs of a people capable of extraordinary efforts and of extraordinary follies—of miraculous recoveries and of relapses equally miraculous. If the Government has the sense to abstain from open interference at the next election, we should not be greatly surprised at seeing M. MIGEON's popularity evaporate and a strong Imperialist returned in his place. The present election shows that an independent spirit of some kind is still alive in the French constituencies, which if judiciously nursed and directed to practical objects, not to chimeras, may lead in the end to solid results. More it would be premature to say.

A graver affair, perhaps, for the Government is the attempted assassination of M. PÉREZ. We can call by

no other name than assassination a great conspiracy to seek the life of a single man by means contrary even to the law of that evil code which is dignified in France with the name of the code of honour. It is not improbable that the unhappy journalist may have bought with his blood a great step towards the restoration of the legal liberties of France. The indignation which this crime has produced is of that kind which goes deep into the heart of society and does not easily pass away. It is no question of abstract social principles or Utopian schemes of policy, but of the honour and security of every civilian in France. The crime springs directly and manifestly out of a system of Government which subsists on military terrorism, and which is compelled to place France at the feet of the sub-lieutenants. The army has begun to feel its power, and to know that it is above the Government and the law. Society has been saved from the "barbarism" of the Red Republicans to be delivered over to the worse barbarism of the sword. The assassination of M. PENE is done in the green wood—worse things may be done in the dry; and the military license of a Regency may eclipse the military license of an Empire the reins of which are at least held by a single and a strong hand. The gods whip nations as well as men with scourges made out of their pleasant vices. Military ambition has been the pleasant vice of France. She has thoroughly identified herself with that spirit of piratical conquest of which the impersonation stands exalted in the Place Vendôme. To keep up an immense army for the purpose of menacing and harassing Europe has been the test of patriotism which she has required of all her rulers. That army is now her gaoler and her scourge. So far as can be discerned, it is thoroughly in the hands of the Government, which has of late years done its best to sever the soldier from all civil, as he is severed by his mode of life from all domestic ties, and to mould him into the perfect instrument of pretorian sway. What will be the issue when an oppressed and degraded, but still high-spirited people, is thoroughly arrayed—as it is fast being arrayed—on one side, against what appears an overwhelming force of Janissaries on the other? Shall we have a "war of the mercenaries?" Such a picture as France now offers is fruitful in lessons for all time.

Together with these events in France, there has occurred one in this country in which France has a melancholy interest, and which she may hereafter have much cause to deplore. The sudden and early death of HELENA Duchess of ORLEANS will be severely felt if ever the chances of French politics should recal a scion of the House of Orleans to the throne. The gallant effort which this Princess made at the terrible crisis of 1848 to save the heritage of her son was hopeless in itself, but it proved the qualities of her who made it, and showed that she was a worthy daughter of the high-souled house of Weimar, and a worthy partaker in the lofty though stormy destinies of France. By the account of all who knew her, she bore adversity and exile as adversity and exile should be borne by those who can feel that they have lost nothing while they are true to duty and to honour. The nobility of her character had been called out and elevated by misfortune, and in the private station which she accepted without a murmur she reigned over the hearts of those who approached her more truly than when the light of her high and tender virtues was hidden by the inferior lustre of a royal position. She had reared her son, not as a Pretender to disturb the peace of his country by selfish ambition, but as one who might one day be called by Providence to higher and severer duties than fall to ordinary men; and she had taught him to deserve, not to desire, the Crown. She had herself learnt by sad experience that French Royalty, at least, has nothing in it desirable but those qualities and efforts by which it is deserved. Had her child been placed in that position where, as a mother, she would have prayed he might never be, but which, as a Frenchwoman—not the less ardent because France was her adopted country—she would not have wished him to decline, her counsels would have assisted, and her character would have animated him, and all who surrounded and served him would have felt the inspiring presence of her patriotism and virtue. Where she was—if those who knew her best are to be believed—no base or selfish objects could have found place, no sentiments could have been breathed but the love of honour and the love of the people. Her loss, therefore, may be great to France, as it is great to her family and friends. But she is not gone to an untimely tomb, who had run a full course of duty and of honour. Nor is the consummation of her noble life, though

it closed in gloom and on a foreign shore, a dark omen of evil to her house, but rather a bright and prosperous example—placed beyond the reach of human frailty and the chances of the world—of hope-breathing and animating virtue.

THE TRUE SOCIAL EVIL.

MR. CARLYLE, with that felicitous humour with which he knows how to condense philosophy into epigram, has somewhere described MIRABEAU by the exquisite title of "that unfortunate male." If we are to believe Mr. BRIGHT, this unhappy class is largely on the increase in our political society. The precincts of Palace-yard are, it seems, infested with the Parliamentary victims of political seduction. The division-lobby is haunted by drawing-room-walkers, who are viciously bent, at all hazards, on being "gay." We are shocked to learn that every facility is offered for this nefarious traffic. Night-houses are kept open for the promotion of political profligacy, and Parliamentary casinos may be seen brilliantly illuminated late into the Sabbath morn. But, more revolting than all, the wives and daughters of frail M.P.'s are made the instruments of their ruin, and the most respectable matrons are taught to connive at the dishonour of the weaker vessel whom they are bound by every tie of nature to cherish and protect. In comparison with this cancer which is eating into our political constitution, the "social evil" of the Hay-market seems tolerable and venial.

The stoical virtue of Manchester can stand it no longer. The sinful courses of these venal representatives have been publicly rebuked. Sir W. HAYTER has too long played Leporello to the gay Viscount's Don Giovanni; and the statue, in the unaccustomed garb of a Quaker, with broad beaver up, has descended from his high horse to denounce and carry off the seducer. We have all seen, in the extravaganza, the document in which the erring mortal signs away his soul in exchange for forbidden pleasures. It is generally a scroll of parchment sealed with the blood of the victim—the demon, from a defect in his education, being compelled to affix his mark to the deed, which sometimes, at the last moment, cannot be enforced from the insufficiency of the stamp. The conveyance by which the author of political evil secures the perdition of the modern M.P. is less melodramatic in its external form, but not less damning in its spiritual cogency. The JEREMIAH of Birmingham has pronounced woe upon the "Independent Liberal" who sticks up over his mantelpiece the "beautifully engraved card" which intimates that BEELZEBUB is "at home." The fact that such a schoolmaster as Mr. BRIGHT is "abroad," will, no doubt, act as a severe but wholesome corrective to the allurements of this pernicious domesticity. The pleasures of sin may endure for a few short half-hours, while the newly debauched Radical—too much oppressed with a sense of his shame to be well at ease, yet too hardened for the peaceful self-possession of conscious virtue—flaunts awkwardly in portentous tie, gorgeous vest, ill-fitting white kids, and crumpled but shiny patent boots (with embarrassed but triumphant spouse and homely, fluttered daughter on either arm) into the presence of the accomplished tempters, who hail with cordial salutation, not unmixed with suppressed glances of well-bred scorn, the Cockney swagger of the clumsy profligates. But the crime brings with it its appropriate punishment, and the pangs of remorse await the *endimanché* "free and independent." As the clock strikes one, the spell of fashion is dissolved, and he awakes to a sense of his degradation, when, in the grey of the Sunday morning, the voice of the linkman is heard shouting "Lord SHAFTESBURY'S carriage stops the way." Then, with jaded spouse and crumpled daughter, the conscience-stricken Radical rumbles slowly, in rickety hack cab, to his three pair back—abode of innocence no longer—to bed, but not to sleep, as he ponders with restless bitterness on his dissolution.

We know not whether more to admire the stoical—not to say cynical—virtue of Mr. BRIGHT, or to deplore the *sublapsarian* frailties of his truant disciples. His rigid philosophy may be somewhat too stern for weak mortality; but we fear the truth is that our good friends the "Independent Liberals" are—we shudder to say it—just a little bit *molle*. We really cannot find fault with the politicians and fine ladies for employing without scruple seductions which are at once so cheap and irresistible. If our feeling for the sinner is to be measured by the magnitude of the temptation, we fear that political corruption must have reached its basest depths in these latter days. In the time

of WALFOLE, the supporter of the Government dined at the end of the session with his chief, and found a Bank-note for three hundred guineas under his plate. But it would seem that votes are now to be had at a far cheaper rate, and that the principles of our representatives can be undermined with ices and sponge-cakes. If it had been even white-soup and plovers' eggs, there might have been more excuse for the fall; but in the most audacious moments of his baseness, the "Independent Liberal" dares not aspire to the fare of the ball-room.

Without affecting any absurd punctilio or vulgar pride, it is easy enough to see that the transactions on which Mr. BRIGHT has animadverted in such very plain terms have something about them which is not very agreeable to persons who are accessible to sentiments of proper dignity and common self-respect. No sensible man would think of objecting to the hospitality which the recognised leader of a great political party may worthily offer to persons who think and act with him in public affairs. No one who had not a dash of vulgarity about his soul would pretend to sneer at those who are not unwilling to share the society of distinguished personages who may well command their personal respect as well as their public co-operation. Private hospitality, founded on sentiments of political sympathy, is not only a natural but a desirable excrecence of our constitutional system. No one thought it amiss that cultivated owners of Holland-house, in days gone by should surround themselves with all the most distinguished partisans, whether in literature or politics, of the cause with which the name of Fox was identified. These graceful courtesies, like mercy, are of a quality which should not be strained—they are honourable alike to those who give and those who receive them. But this is not the state of things to which Mr. BRIGHT alluded; and it is not the species of influence which, if rumour be not more than usually mendacious, has been attempted, not without success, on recent occasions. Hospitable *réunions*, where political friends may meet in social intercourse, are very different from entertainments whose object is to secure doubtful allies or to win over declared antagonists. The latter species of manoeuvre deserves only to be characterized as the basest kind of political treating, alike degrading to the entertainer and the entertained. It makes all the difference when and how these kind of amenities are exchanged. If your wealthy and noble neighbour in the country, on coming into his estate, asks you to his house, you go to pay your respects without any sense of patronage or humiliation. You take for granted that he wishes disinterestedly to make your acquaintance, and it would be a mark of vulgarity and false pride to allow a sense of his superior position to chill you into a churlish moroseness. But if your great neighbour, having lived within a mile of you for ten years, had kept you at a contemptuous distance all the time, and then, on the approach of a contest for the county, sent you a familiar and pressing invitation to dinner, just when he heard that you had expressed sentiments adverse to his interests, the most ordinary self-respect would instinctively prompt you to repel his advance as an insult. It makes all the difference whether you send a brace of pheasants in the ordinary course of things to your friend, or whether you despatch a hamper of game to a doubtful voter on the morning of the poll.

Now, if it be true that, at the moment when certain politicians were making a desperate bid for office, and when every vote was of the greatest consequence, they sought to influence the result of a division by issuing invitations, not to their regular supporters or their avowed friends, but to members of Parliament with whom they had no private acquaintance, and whose society they had never before shown any desire to cultivate—if these invitations were sown broadcast, with so cynical an ignorance that the wives and families of virtuous bachelors were bidden, with their suspected spouses, to this disinterested entertainment—and if members who had but just declared their antipathy to the political principles of the inviter were summoned to a love feast of faction—such an "at home," we confess, seems to us to deserve all, and more than all, that Mr. BRIGHT has said of it. If it be true that certain "Independent Liberals," hot from Committee Room, No. 11, where they had been denouncing a late Minister, caused special complaints to be addressed to that Minister of their non-admission to the circle of his private society—if it be the fact that the great protest of the hundred and twenty melted away before the influence of a few score of invitations—if the "broader basis" of which we

have heard so much, turned out to mean nothing else but a more liberal policy in respect of evening parties, and the JUPITER of Piccadilly descended into the bosom of these too-confiding DANAES of Radicalism in a shower of pasteboard—we must say that the limits of snobbism seem to have been reached in such an exhibition of imbecility and meanness.

But it is not for M.P.'s alone that the arts of the Sirens are reserved. Mr. DISRAELI has referred, in terms hardly less blunt than Mr. BRIGHT, to others who have been taught "to simper in the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons." It was impossible for the *Times* to feign ignorance of the facts at which this allusion was aimed. The "leading journal" yesterday denied what, in the earlier part of the week, it justified when it produced a laboured apology for drawing-room adhesions. Simple-minded provincials may be imposed upon by this bold denial; but the dwellers in town are too familiar with the sight of the Thunderer in pumps, and the sturdy Licensed Victualler in a spangled waistcoat, not to appreciate the force of Mr. DISRAELI's sarcasm. These social intimacies, which are comparatively innocuous to the political adherent who to a great degree sails in the same boat with his chief, extolling his virtues and covering his defeats, are dangerous in the extreme to the journalist, the dignity and influence of whose profession depend mainly on his real or supposed exemption from personal favour and individual prejudice. No one objects to the client earwiggling his own advocate, but we confess we see with distrust the litigant hugging the judge. It is just because amiable and generous natures cannot but be biased towards those with whom they are in habits of private friendship, that such relations are inadmissible in the case of those who assume the functions of public censorship. It is the notoriety of the facts at which Mr. DISRAELI has hinted, which has dealt so heavy a blow to the authority of that which was once the most influential, because the most independent, journal in Europe. The knowledge that the *Times* was no longer in a position to reflect the tone of public opinion, but was as much pledged to the advocacy of the interests of a particular politician as any of the small journals which avow their personal adhesions, is no doubt the cause of the remarkable and mystifying loss of influence in a political crisis which that powerful organ may dissemble but cannot disguise. Of all the blunders which the private history of the last few months has recorded, none has been more signal and more fatal than the policy of the "leading journal" in "giving up to a cabal what was meant for mankind." The chastity of journalists requires to be guarded with even more jealousy than the virtue of virgins.

STUDIES OF A MIND.

SOME of our Liberal contemporaries have expressed a just indignation at the abominable conduct of the Tory press in insinuating that Lord SHAFTESBURY attended a political meeting at Lord PALMERSTON's last Sunday fortnight. Overcome, perhaps, by the responsibility of deciding so serious a point, we have not hitherto joined in the controversy about it. But the correspondence between Lords DERBY and SHAFTESBURY, which has been appearing in the *Times*, renders silence ignominious, and we are compelled so far to notice it as to consider the light which it sheds on the idiosyncrasy of a great religious mind.

Lord DERBY, addressing the House of Lords a fortnight ago, said of Lord SHAFTESBURY (we quote the words which he acknowledges), "I do not know whether he attended it, but I presume he had communicated to him the result of that (the Cambridge House) meeting." The flavour of this sarcasm resided in the jocose hint—not the statement—that Lord SHAFTESBURY had assisted on a Sunday afternoon in framing the resolution he moved. It was not a very biting jest, and perhaps may about stand on the same level with an insinuation that Mr. GLADSTONE had ridden the winner of the Derby in disguise, or that the Bishop of CARLISLE had been interfered with by the French police for dancing at Mabilie in his apron. But in the circles of Exeter Hall there is neither joking nor taking of jokes, and accordingly a solemn but argumentative, contradiction was immediately published by the *Record*. Lord SHAFTESBURY, we were told, was at nine o'clock in the morning worshipping with a Scottish Presbyterian congregation; at eight in the evening he was "topping up" with a service at Westminster Abbey; consequently it

was quite clear that at two o'clock in the afternoon he could not have been at Cambridge House. It is possible that some of our readers have assisted at a similar attempt to establish an *alibi*. The case, we will suppose, is one of a burglary alleged to have been committed at three o'clock in the grey dawn of the morning. After an affecting appeal from the prisoner's counsel, a gentleman, with his right eye blackened, enters the witness-box to swear that he was drinking cowslip-wine with the accused at ten o'clock of the evening before; and, next minute, another gentleman, with his left eye blackened, declares that at six o'clock of the very morning in question he and his friend were abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs. After such evidence, the prisoner is generally sensible enough to see that nothing remains for him except to throw an inkstand at the judge; and we ourselves confess that, on reading the paragraph from the *Record*, we for the first time thought that Lord SHAFTESBURY might possibly have attended the Sunday meeting at Lord PALMERSTON'S. Other people may have received the same impression, for Lord SHAFTESBURY complains that he has been shamefully traduced by anonymous critics, and overwhelmed with letters from remonstrant friends. Among many subjects of an innocent curiosity—the play of *MENANDER* for example, and the lost book of *LIVY*, which everybody is supposed to be eager to read—let us admit we would give something handsome to be allowed to peruse Lord SHAFTESBURY'S correspondence with the country clergy on the subject of the meeting at Cambridge House.

The victim of this unlucky apology seems to have first alluded to the subject in a speech delivered at one of his favourite meetings. "I am going to Greenwich to-day," said Lord SHAFTESBURY, "and I suppose it will be asserted 'that I rolled down the hill.'" Here there seems to be a plain insinuation that Lord SHAFTESBURY'S father-in-law both goes to Greenwich and rolls down the hill, an exercise equally indecorous and imprudent in a nobleman of the Viscount's years. Metaphor, however, appears to have been as unavailing as argument to stay the plague of clerical remonstrances, and accordingly Lord SHAFTESBURY writes to the *Times* to deny positively that he joined the meeting at Lord PALMERSTON'S. He thus prefaces his denial: "The Prime Minister in the debate of the 14th stated that I had 'attended a political meeting on Sunday at Cambridge House.' The motive was so manifest that I did not interrupt him 'and contradict his assertion.'" These are surely very remarkable words. Lord SHAFTESBURY seems to intimate an opinion that anybody will tell a lie if he has a sufficient motive. He says in effect—"Lord DERBY made a statement 'which was untrue. I knew it to be untrue, and he knew 'it to be untrue, but then he had a motive in making it. 'It was obviously his interest to damage me as the mover 'of the resolution; and so plain must this interest have been 'to all who heard him—so clear an indication must it have 'furnished of the falsehood of the charge he advanced—that 'it was not worth my while to rise and offer a contradiction of that which no rational man could have believed." Meanwhile, Lord SHAFTESBURY asserts in terms that Lord DERBY made a statement as to his presence at Cambridge House. But Lord DERBY now comes in to affirm that he did not make any statement of the kind. "What I did 'say," writes Lord DERBY to the *Times*, "is correctly 'given by your reporter;" and the passage in the *Times* report runs as above:—"I do not know whether he attended, 'but I presume he had communicated to him the result of 'that meeting."

Lord SHAFTESBURY'S next letter to the *Times* is the most important of the series, and nobody after reading it will ask for a La Bruyere to analyse the religious champion of the nineteenth century. After quoting the report of the *Morning Herald*, which differs materially from that of the *Times*, he proceeds—"If Lord DERBY will say that he did not intend 'directly or indirectly to convey the belief that I had 'attended such a meeting (though, if he did not, I cannot 'comprehend why the words were used), I will at once 'withdraw my remark, and express my regret at having 'made it." Lord SHAFTESBURY here begins with a second imputation of falsehood. Lord DERBY having distinctly asserted that the report in the *Times* was correct, his opponent now cites the very different report of the *Morning Herald*, and makes it the basis of his whole letter. This, of course, "conveys the belief" that Lord DERBY had denied in the *Times* the words he really used in the House of Lords. In the next place, Lord SHAFTESBURY retreats from his aver-

ment that Lord DERBY made a statement of a particular tenor in debate; and he now takes up the very different position that Lord DERBY "conveyed a belief." Nay, he does not even venture on distinctly taxing the PREMIER with having offered an insinuation. He attempts to shift the burden of proof to the other side, and calls on Lord DERBY to deny that which Lord SHAFTESBURY had on his own responsibility asserted. In that event, he offers to believe Lord DERBY; or rather—for we have not reached the climax—he offers not to believe him, but to apologize to him. He "conveys the belief," about as clearly as man can do, that he will not take the PRIME MINISTER'S word when it is given; since else what is the meaning of the sneer, "though, if he did not, I cannot comprehend why the 'words were used'?" So that Lord SHAFTESBURY, in fact, invites a brother nobleman to tell an untruth. After substituting words of his own for those of which the PREMIER admits the employment, he says that they will only bear one meaning. He begs Lord DERBY to state that, in using them, he did not intend them to bear the injurious meaning, and he acknowledges that if Lord DERBY accepts the challenge he will be driven into a corner and have to apologize. But he does not say he will believe the denial—no, not one bit of it.

It would be painting the lily to comment on this correspondence. That the inferences which everybody would draw from it are correct, is placed beyond doubt by the analogy it bears to the story of Lord SHAFTESBURY'S connexion with the Sepoy apocrypha. The broad affirmation which begins the series, the covert substitution of a very different proposition in its room, and the final attempt to cast the burden of disproof on the wrong shoulders, have each had a very exact and quite recent parallel. Why is it that the selfsame subterfuges are the unfailing resource of a cowardly child caught in a fib, of a Jew attorney detected in a malpractice, and of Virtue and Piety struggling with unmerited calumny?

DISRAELI IN NATURALIBUS.

"A FOOL travaileth with a word, as a woman in labour 'with a child. If thou hast heard a word, let it die 'with thee; and be bold, it will not burst thee." This was the counsel of that very wise Jew, the Son of SIRACH. It would have been well for Mr. DISRAELI to have borne it in mind before he delivered his Slough speech. He is anything but a fool, but he travailed with the speech which he had got ready for the late debate. He felt that it would burst him—the uneasy burthen must see the light, but it does the parent no credit. Of course we make all allowances for the necessity of the case. It was the most provoking thing in the world to have carefully arranged the *impromptu*, to have studied all the delicate and subtle suggestions of the moment, and to have lost the chance of launching the choice and well-prepared personalities—of course, in the heat of debate. A quiver full of fiery darts, and not a foe to hurl them at—a whole magazine of taunts, vituperations, and sarcasms, and all to be wasted—this was provoking enough to any man; but to one in the position of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER it was doubly and trebly annoying and embarrassing. Everybody knows what are the effects of forced and unnatural gravity and sobriety on a free and rollicking nature. We can all appreciate the first plunge into a shooting-jacket, after six months of frock-coats and varnished boots (to say nothing of wig and gown)—the first cigar after a week's domicile with maiden aunts—a sailor's first bound into a Portsmouth grog-shop after the ship is paid off—a carriage-horse turned loose into a clover pasture after the London season—Rob Roy's first spring when he felt himself once more a free man on grass growing. Yet these are but faint images of our genial CHANCELLOR'S exultation at finding himself, for one canty hour at e'en, untrammelled by the buckram of official reserve, exchanging the red boxes for the blood-red and fiery port—angry benches for the familiar Buckinghamshire clouds—Westminster for Slough—and the House of Commons, with all its proprieties and strait-lacedness and decorum, for that genial and unbuttoned market-table. The occasion and the man are to be taken into account in judging of the necessity of delivering himself of the concentrated sarcasms and vituperation of a session. For many a month Mr. DISRAELI has been playing a part. He has played it well, but we now know with what superhuman efforts. The intensity of his moral

self-repression must have been of more than hydraulic pressure. What a contrast between the outer and inner man! Etna with all its snows—serene, self-possessed, icily-cold, and decorously dull—and that flood of hidden lava seething and boiling below the smiling surface. That calm, paternal air—that sublime humility of courteous deference, half patronizing, half submissive—that genial and oily placidity of phrase with which, as its leader, in fact or in prospect, he has so diligently lubricated the House of Commons—the whole thing, we know, was but a part, but it was played to perfection. We make every allowance for Mr. PLEYDELL at high jinks, and for an illustrious tragedian at the Coal Hole. Why, then, be angry with Mr. DISRAELI? A play is a good thing, but the actor off the stage is the real man. The secreted and sweltering sarcasms of six weary months all came out at Slough, and with a stream of invective which even this practised ARCHILOCHUS has seldom equalled and never surpassed.

Looking at the speech merely in its artistic character, it was a mistake. The thing itself was perfect, but it was inappropriate in time, place, and matter. In the House of Commons, though exceptions might reasonably have been taken to its taste and propriety, the occasion might unquestionably have justified a large display of rhetorical invective on the Minister's part. Undoubtedly the curious failure of the recent assault on the Government provoked a contemptuous rejoinder. The winner might well laugh. The collapse of the imposing attack was fairly susceptible of a ludicrous and taunting interpretation. The utter bursting of the great Whig bladder—the spectacle of HEROD and PONTIUS PILATE making friends, and all for nothing—might have warranted a joke or two. The triumph of the hour might have struck sparks of wit out of the coldest metal. Mr. DISRAELI knew this, and studied his points carefully. The passage in which he surveys the dissolving halo of Whiggery melting into a mysterious cataclysm of disintegration and universal anarchy, has been seldom equalled. The picture of Lord SHAFTESBURY, "like a Pharisee of old, with broad phylactery on his brow, "calling God to witness, in the voice and accents of majestic "adoration, that he was not as other men," as a mere photograph of matchless skill and individual propriety, will never be forgotten. That barbed and poisoned arrow will never be shaken off. But the House of Commons was the place for it all. There it would have told. It might have been almost justified—it would certainly have been tolerated—before a division, or even excused in the first flush of triumph. The heat of a heady fight atones for deeds of violence and lawless excesses which are unpardonable when the blood has had time to cool. A soldier in an assault is one thing—a torturer is another. Coningsby, however, is not dead, but only sleeps, muzzled and chloroformed, in the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

As a matter of policy, there is not a word even of extenuation to be urged in mitigation of this enormous blunder. The Conservative and placid principles of Lord DERBY's Government cannot endure this fiery storm. SAUL among the prophets is not a greater moral solecism than this sort of thing, inimitable as it is as a sophistical exercise, in the leader of the men of quarter sessions and the representatives of respectabilities and vicarages. The key-note of a Conservative Government is to be respectful of all proprieties, solemn and quiet in language, bland in gesture, and deferential to the timid and domestic influences and institutions. But there is scarcely a conventionality which the Slough speech does not insult, and scorch, and cauterize. And the opposite course would have told quite as well. To be patient and conciliatory in the hour of difficulty, moderate and serene in the crisis of success, would have looked so pretty, and would have soothed and gratified so many. A conqueror can well afford to spare a defeated foe, and a foe defeated so luckily. But this was a stretch of magnanimous hypocrisy which was above or below Mr. DISRAELI. A more finished artist than the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER would have assumed the specious virtue. It would have afforded a moral commonplace which might almost have made, and certainly would have sustained, a party. An expert politician would have traded on it for years—the stock would have been purchased at the easiest price by a far-seeing speculator in political capital. But the opposite temptation was irresistible to Mr. DISRAELI. He could not forego the mood of the moment for the sake of the long investment. The blunder is of cardinal magnitude, both as regards friends and foes, and the statesman is shipwrecked in the rhetorician. Cambridge House has most reason to rejoice. With an inge-

nious perversity, the Slough orator has contrived to insult, and for ever, all those formidable interests which, if he could not conciliate, he might have passed over with lofty contempt. It is past question that it was not worth Mr. DISRAELI's while to make a foray on the press in general, and Printing-house-square in particular, to expose the vanities of parasite journalism, or to track leading articles to the silken inspirations of gilded saloons. Where a Minister

DE LANÀ rixatur saepe caprinâ,

bystanders only smile at a word-tilt between two practised gladiators. Even the taunt against "the cabal" failed in its most telling character. It was anything but original; and a sarcasm from the leader of the House of Commons loses much when it is borrowed from the penny press and the comic hebdomadal. While the assault on the Liberal party in general, by the aid of an important section of which he obtained his success, was alike ungrateful and injudicious, still more blundering was the assault upon the religious world in the person of its chief Pharisee. Thoroughly as the Coryphæus of Exeter Hall deserved the vitriol-throwing, the vials of wrath had better have been kept corked up. Long-suffering, and forgiveness, and charity are no more the virtues of the religious world in general, than is accuracy of speech the crowning grace of Lord SHAFTESBURY in particular. The Evangelical sect neither forgets nor forgives. Mr. DISRAELI has succeeded better in alarming his friends than in confounding his foes; and in condensing into undying hatred the two most powerful interests, or factions, of religious wrath and leading journalism, for the brief triumph of a brilliant pasquinade, he has done more to shake the stability of the Administration of which he is destined to be the evil genius than twenty Cambridge House camarillas.

THE WHIG DISCONFITURE AND ITS CAUSES.

THE wisest thing which can be done after a defeat is to endeavour to repair it. The most foolish is to pretend to deny it. It is fair to say that the most sensible among the discomfited party have made no attempt to dissemble the disaster, however much their soreness may exhale in complaints of defection. It is only the little Whig organs, and the still smaller Whig parasites, that prate of "moral "triumphs" and "substantial success." The great Palmerstonian journal has sufficient sense to recognise the full significance of the repulse, and enough of dignity to accept in silence, if not with resignation, the annihilation of the cause to which it had addicted itself "not wisely but too well." Friday night was the Moscow of the "grand army" which had been conscribed last spring to fight under the banner of PALMERSTON. The host has melted away, disorganized, demoralized, disheartened, while the Cossacks from the Ukraine of "Independent Liberalism" hang on its rear. Its chief is relegated to a political Elba, where he may exchange the dreams of the universal empire of the Liberal Party for the petty principality of Whiggism. Whether he may attempt another Hundred Days it would be premature to predict; but the prestige of invincibility is gone, and the fascination of power is dispelled. Two such defeats in the space of three months operate fatally on that levity of public opinion upon which alone Lord PALMERSTON has built his political reputation. In the plenitude of his power the ex-Premier boasted that he was a "lucky Minister." But what is to become of a "lucky Minister" who is down in his luck? He is like a clown with the rheumatism, or an Old Bailey advocate who has lost his voice.

Of course, the great mutiny against the chiefs which it had set up over itself could not take place without a grievous disruption and weakening of the Liberal party. All revolutions must necessarily disorder and enfeeble—at least for the time—the communities which they agitate and distract. Few rebellions can be consummated without incidents and treasons which the most charitable and sympathetic apologists may extenuate, but cannot excuse. After all, the justification of the great break-up of the Liberal party—which, on the part of some at least of its leading members was deliberately compassed, and successfully accomplished—must be found in the constructive operations which are to be grounded on the wreck of a destructive policy. This, in truth, is the test by which revolutionary virtue must consent to be tried. We do not dispute that the yoke which Lord PALMERSTON endeavoured to impose on his followers had become so intolerable that almost any means

were justifiable which might be necessary in order to break the bonds. But that object has now been effected; and the tactics of a revolution must not be erected into a permanent policy. Our Whig STUARTS have fled, if not abdicated, and the sooner the Liberal Estates come to a settlement of the Throne on a constitutional basis, the better for themselves and for the country.

It is easy to distinguish in Mr. BRIGHT the great ring-leader of the rebellion. That eminent person, in his political character, combines in a remarkable degree the qualities of SAMSON. He is a very strong man who has the peculiarity of being totally blind. The Philistines of Whiggism were neither over-generous nor over-discreet when they thought fit to make sport of him for their holiday. He has dealt out destruction broadcast with an implement of warfare not very unlike that which served the son of MANOAH at a pinch; and in the last scene he grasped the pillars of the Liberal edifice in his embrace, and brought down the roof on the heads of his enemies, and of himself. It is impossible not to feel some sympathy and compassion for his fury, as he has certainly been very scurvily used by the party; but the sooner they despatch some judicious negotiator to reconcile him to his friends, the better will it be for themselves and for him. Perhaps the Member for Ashton will undertake the task. No man in his time has studied more cities and manners of men.

The first step towards the re-construction and re-formation of the disorganized forces of Liberalism will be to ascertain and determine the causes of its late disunion and decay. As usual in such cases, there has been a good deal of blame on both sides of the quarrel. The party have great reason to complain of their chiefs, and we are not disposed to dispute that they have done wisely and right to disown them. At the same time, we would beg them to observe, for their future edification, that a great part of the misconduct of which they justly complain, and of the ill-usage under which they have unquestionably suffered, has been due to their own acts. The French people, when they chose to confer absolute power on the heir of the name and policy of NAPOLEON, lost, to a great degree, the right to object that their lives, liberties, and fortunes are placed at the discretion of a set of military *spadassins*. The good people of Paris may be shocked at the conduct of the *Sous-Lieutenant HEYNE*, as the decent "independent Liberals" were scandalized at the Privy-seal of Lord CLANRICARDE. But, after all, both the one incident and the other were the natural consequences of the system which the complainants had created, and they have hardly the title to grumble at its inevitable results. The Liberal constituencies—comprehending as they do a large majority of the political society of the country—chose at the last election to accept the issue of Yes or No to a Palmerstonian dictatorship. It was in vain that they were urged to reflect whether the man whom they were asked to invest with the omnipotence of a Parliamentary majority had given any evidence of sympathy with their principles or of zeal in their cause. In the tumult of vulgar outcry and popular delusion, the voice of common sense was drowned. No man could be heard who ventured to question whether a politician who had shown himself violent and oppressive towards the weak could be reasonably expected to show firmness and courage in a conflict with the strong. Those who are now most loud in the outcry against the appointments of the late Government never stopped to inquire whether the man to whom they were clamorously according the whole patronage of the Crown was likely to exercise with conscientiousness or decency the power with which they were about to endow him. The Liberals who are outraged by the abandonment of Sardinia and the subservience to France, might have known in 1857 that Lord PALMERSTON had betrayed Sicily in 1848, and had made England officially accessory after the fact to the *coup d'état* of 1851. There is not a slight which Lord PALMERSTON has recently put upon Liberal principles, or a treason which he has consummated to the Liberal cause, which any person who had been at the pains to study his career might not have calculated and foretold. The Venetians, when they chose a Moor to command their forces, had at least the decency, in their misfortunes, not to complain of the complexion of their general.

We hear dire maledictions on all sides against the quality and composition of the present House of Commons. For our part, we never professed any sympathy for the principles on which it was elected, and therefore we can hardly be expected to do battle on its behalf. We confess, however, that these revilings seem to us to come with bad grace from

those in whose interest that miscellaneous assembly was recruited. We may be permitted to assent to the proposition—which it hardly lies in the mouth of the Palmerstonians to affirm—that very little advantage to the popular cause could be expected from a House of Commons got together on the false and delusive cry of "PALMERSTON for ever." The chief whom the Liberal party had so foolishly chosen to reign over them lost no time in making patent to them and the rest of the world the blunder which had been committed. Lord PALMERSTON, while his position was still doubtful, had cleverness and tact enough to conceal from the vulgar the tendencies which more acute observers had not failed to detect; yet he could hardly be expected to exhibit an exception to the consequences which invariably flow from the debauching influences of absolute power. His worshippers had not even taken the precaution to place a slave in his triumphal car to remind him that he was mortal; for Mr. HORSMAN did not call this fact to his notice until the conqueror was politically dead. Surrounded by "flatterers and fine ladies," he behaved very much like the demi-gods of ancient Rome; and certainly the mobs who burnt incense in his honour have little right to complain if their deity thought fit to fiddle while their house was on fire. However little Lord PALMERSTON may have previously deserved the confidence of Liberals, the position in which he was placed by the election of 1857 was one where, if he had possessed the qualities of a statesman, or even the instincts of a political leader, he might have consolidated a great party, and conducted a great policy. But he had neither; and the great majority which was placed at his disposal only brought out into broader prominence his total unfitness to promote the principles or command the respect of those to whose ignorant acclamations he owed his power. There is this advantage, at least, in representative institutions—that whatever follies may be committed by popular prejudice and popular clamour, there is always time and room for repentance. The curse of despotism is, that the doom of the people which once accepts it is irrevocable. The power of Lord PALMERSTON wanted that element of permanence on which that of the French EMPEROR reposes—the English Minister had not at his disposal an army of 600,000 men to supply the defect of the popular gale, and to sustain the vices of his Administration.

POETS' GRANDMOTHERS.

THE Pope literature is getting on famously. Mr. Hunter, the author of a tract upon Pope's maternal ancestry, had carried his inquiries back to Pope's great-grand-uncle; but he suggested that it might be possible to ascend a generation higher. Not only has this possibility been realized, but it has been outdone. Mr. Davies, in his *Additional Facts concerning Pope's Maternal Ancestry*, has actually gone two generations higher, and revealed to us that the grandfather of Pope's great-grand-uncle was a wax-chandler. Beyond the wax-chandler it is pronounced impossible to ascend; but the inquirers have expended infinite pains in carrying us so high. What these gentlemen seem to feel is, that if the world is bound to know all the minute facts of a poet's life, and of the lives of a poet's connexions, it is quite absurd to set up any arbitrary barrier. Confessedly you ought to be acquainted with the different residences, marriages, deaths, characters, eccentricities, virtues, and faults of his mother and sisters. But if of his mother, why not of his grandmother? If of his grandmother, why not of his great-grandmother? Of course there must be an end somewhere, because the genealogy fades, at length, into utter baselessness. But the great principle is that, as long as it lasts, everything in it is equally interesting, because Pope wrote poems.

As nothing is known of the people who are thus brought before us to glorify and illustrate Pope, it might seem difficult to keep up the excitement. But a man who is fit to write about the grandmothers of a poet has many ingenious arts by which to allure his readers, and fill out a respectable space. In the first place, the wills of many of Pope's maternal ancestry have, fortunately or unfortunately, been preserved, and a will fills up a very pretty slice of a book; and nothing can better enable a reader to test the sincerity of his own enthusiasm than that he should see whether he finds that the testamentary dispositions of a York tradesman in the early part of the sixteenth century help him better to understand the life and writings of Pope. Then there is the resource of praising the people raked up with such zealous care. If a genealogist discovers or invents a remote maternal ancestor for a poet, it is natural he should love the work of his hands. It is not to be supposed that Pope's great-grand-uncle was merely a vintner—he was a vintner with a special and exclusive license. If another progenitor makes a will, and gives his goods to his family, it is only pleasant and proper to infer that he was "engaged in large commercial transactions." But the real art, the

unfailing resource, is that of conjecture. Guessing about the lineage of a poet offers an unbounded field. And then the guesses sometimes come so nearly right. Mr. Hunter guessed that a man named Lancelot Turner, who stands well back in the family tree, was "connected with the Council of the North;" and now Mr. Davies shows that at any rate another man named Edward Turner, father of Lancelot, held this rather vague but doubtless creditable position. But with respect to Lancelot, a much larger and more difficult question is started, and its discussion forms the most animated and exciting part of Mr. Davies' tract. The question is, what were Lancelot's religious opinions? It is granted that outwardly Lancelot was a Protestant; but had he not secretly Catholic persuasions? If not persuasions, then Catholic tendencies? If not tendencies, then Catholic leanings? What we like about this discussion is, that it shows the rigorous severity with which Mr. Davies carries out the great theory on which the Pope literature rests. Here we have an examination of the possible conflict of opinion in the secret heart of Pope's great grand-uncle, and we scarcely see how the Pope literature can go much further.

We do not wish to quarrel with the theory, but it must be allowed that these tracts about Pope's grandmothers and grandfathers are calculated to raise very curious thoughts in the mind of any one who is now living and writing verses. It is a wonderful feature of the private life of an English gentleman, that simply because he does not refuse to let the world enjoy the best verses he can make for them, his house should be invaded, his doings recorded, and enthusiastic Americans should count and report to a *Prairie* paper the number of his chickens and his cows. But this is nothing to the information which is being collected, or will be collected, not about him only, but about his most distant relations. Perhaps personal notoriety is the unavoidable accompaniment of personal fame, and a man who is one of the foremost of his time must make up his mind to be pointed at by the finger of admiring passers by. But he could scarcely expect, if he had not positive proof to go by, that his verses would lead to public discussions of the religious convictions of his great-grand-uncle. Mr. Tennyson must think of his maternal ancestry,—of his grandmother, for instance,—with some remorse. He has rendered it probable that a tract will be written to show that she had flutterings towards Wesleyanism; that in travelling from London northward, on one occasion, she stopped for an hour at East Barnet, and not, according to the vulgar belief, at Chipping Barnet; and that, by her last will, she distributed her teaspoons among her female relatives far more equitably than previous tract-writers had allowed. We can conceive that a man of delicate sensibility would find the anticipation of such a literature rather irritating than otherwise.

Besides, how is any one to be sure that his great-grand-nephew will not be a poet? We are thus placed at the mercy of our remotest posterity. We may any of us stand some day in the position of this wretched Lancelot Turner. In a couple of hundred years a young lady, whose grandfather is still unborn, may marry a poet, or have a poetical son, and then we shall be dug up and have smart yellow tracts written about our religious creed. Obscurity is no protection—who could be more obscure than Lancelot Turner? Going to church will not help us—Lancelot Turner went to church like a bishop. One antiquary will write to another saying that we are most interesting; and then the second antiquary will thank the first for pointing this out more clearly than it was ever pointed out before. His correspondent will reply that he is not easy about our secret religious tendencies—to which he will receive a reply that we went regularly to sit under the highest and driest man of the age. A rejoinder will be issued to the effect that we may have outwardly attended this ministry without deriving any great inward satisfaction; and the affair will end in a compromise under which it will be arranged that we had a deep but concealed wish to sit under Mr. Spurgeon, and would certainly have gratified our desires had he not unfortunately built his chapel on the wrong side of the water.

On his title-page Mr. Davies backs up his theory with a quotation from the works of Mr. Carlyle, which runs as follows:—"Let anyone bethink him how conspicuous the smallest historical event may become as contrasted with the grandest fictitious event. What an incalculable force lies for us in this consideration. The thing which I here hold imaged in my mind did actually occur, was in very truth an element in the system of the All, whereof I too form a part, had, therefore, and has through all time, an authentic being, is not a dream but a reality." There could scarcely be a finer satire on this grandiloquent passage than the tract to which it has been prefixed. Is every fact so vastly important? Is it an "element in the system of the All" that in 1580 Edward Turner gave by will to his wife a grey ambling nag, and to his cousin an old angel? Does it make much difference whether it is a dream or a reality, that the testator made heirlooms of the "portales, binkes, and cundetts, for conveying of water" in his dwelling-house? Commented on by Mr. Carlyle, and clothed in the radiant halo of Carlylese, such facts may have an authentic being, but they sadly want life when placed nakedly before us by Mr. Davies. But in reality Mr. Davies does not go so far as his adoption of this quotation might seem to imply. He does not think that every fact is important, but merely every fact that can by any stretch of ingenuity or imagination be connected with a poet. A legacy of a grey ambling nag may not in itself be of

much consequence, but the legacy of a grey nag to the great-grand-aunt of a poet is plainly an element in the system of the All; and the legacy of an old angel to a poet's great-grand-uncle's cousin is a much more impressive fact than the greatest fictitious event. Mr. Davies is by no means an exceptional or extraordinary person in thinking so. Hundreds of persons think as he thinks, and endless biographies are written on the same principle. What we have to thank Mr. Davies for is, that he has put the thing in its broadest and most salient form. He has gone as far as a man can go; and henceforward, when in reading the lives of the poets we wish to test the degrees of biographical foolery, we shall be able to ask how nearly they approach the great inquiry into the hidden creed of Pope's great-grand-uncle.

THE DUC D'AUMALE ON THE SIEGE OF ALESIA.

THE last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contained an article entitled, "Alesia, an Essay on the Seventh Campaign of Cæsar in Gaul," which is interesting in itself, but still more so on account of its author, who is known to be the Duc d'Aumale. The Duke is a person to whom it is impossible not to look in speculating on the future of France. He is an accomplished soldier, and held for some time the supreme command in Algeria, where Pelissier, Bosquet, and Espinasse served under him. His cultivation of mind is not inferior to his military science, and he is eminently qualified to enter into all the social and political questions of the day. He is, moreover, esteemed and beloved by all who know him. If the wheel of French politics, which has turned so often, should turn again, and bring him, with the rest of his family, into a high position, he would, we are sure, be able to confer great benefits on France. It is due to him, by the way, to say, in contradiction to those who charge all the Orleans Princes with having shown want of firmness on the occasion of the fall of the dynasty, that he was commanding in Algeria when the revolution of 1848 took place. The same measure of justice is due to the Prince de Joinville, who was also absent from France at the time.

The practical soldier shows himself throughout this essay, both in the general discussion of Cæsar's movements and operations and in those special observations so characteristic of the practical man; though the Duke strongly insists on the vast difference made in all but the great outlines of military operations by the introduction of gunpowder, and the complete change of tactics which it has necessarily produced. The old Algerian general also comes out in remarks on the habits and tendencies of barbarous tribes. "It is a game we have seen played a hundred times by our tribes in Algeria."

One of the points discussed in the essay is the site of Alesia, which has hitherto been identified with Alise St. Reine on the Mont Auxois in Burgundy, but which some French antiquaries have recently endeavoured to transfer to Alaise in Franche Comté, about fifteen miles south of Besançon. The locality of the last stronghold of Gallic independence must be a matter of deep and almost religious interest to that historical school in France who exalt the Gallic element of the nation. We trust we shall not wound the just susceptibilities of Alaise by saying that a glance at the maps of the two localities suffices to assure us that Alise St. Reine is the real representative of Alesia. There is the *collis, admodum edito loco, ut nisi obsidione expugnari posse non videretur*, on which the famous hold was placed, now bearing the name of Mont Auxois. There are the two streams (the Oze and the Ozerain) which *collis radices duabus ex partibus subleant*. There is the *planities* (Plaine des Laumes), about three miles in length, before the town, on which the cavalry actions took place in sight of the infantry on both sides. The surrounding heights answer to the *reliquis ex omnibus partibus colles* which, *mediocri interjecto spatio, pari altitudinis fastigio oppidum cingebant*; their inequalities and breaks explain the phrase *regiones secutus quam potuit aequissimas pro loci natura*; and the natural course of lines of circumvallation drawn round them corresponds to the *xiv. millia passuum complexus* of Cæsar. Along the Plaine des Laumes probably the cavalry of Vercingetorix made their escape at the commencement of the blockade, before the Roman lines had been carried down into the plain. On the heights above Venarey and Mussy la Fosse, the vast relieving army of Gaul, coming from the *Ædun* territory, drew out its barbaric swarms within a mile of the Roman lines. On the north of the lines at Menefreux is the hill which Cæsar could not include in his lines, and which, commanding his works on that side, opened them to attack—the dangerous post of Antistius Regulus and Caninius Rebilus with their two legions. The route which Vergasillaunus and his 60,000 picked men took in their night march, in order to fall upon this weak point, is traced by the valley of the Brenne and the gully of Eringes. Up the valley of the Rabutin, Cæsar, by a happy inspiration, sent a part of his cavalry to fall at the critical moment on the rear of the assailants. Against the *loca prærupta* of M. Pevénal and Savoigny, Vercingetorix directed his efforts from within in concert with those of the relieving army from without; and from the high ground of Flavigny, where stands a walnut-tree which served as a signal post to the French ordnance surveyors, and which commands the whole scene, the great Proconsul probably watched and directed the wavering fortunes of the last fight in which the barbarians really tried the destiny of Rome. Alaise, on the other hand, is not a single detached hill, but a clump of rocky knolls; nor does the ground appear, in other respects, to

answer to the description of Cæsar, except in respect to the two streams (the Lison and the Todeure), and even one of these has apparently to be abandoned by the Alaisians in order to bring Alesia and the Roman lines within the necessary compass. Moreover, the natural direction of Cæsar's march, after his junction with Labienus and his legions from Agendicum, to relieve *Provence*, though not accurately described in the *Commentaries*, appears to us clearly to bring him to the neighbourhood of Alise St. Reine in Burgundy, not to that of Alaise in Franche Comté. The reader, however, who wishes to understand both sides of this question strategically, topographically, and philologically, must give an hour to the article of the Duc d'Aumale and the maps accompanying it. We give our humble opinion with every feeling of delicacy and respect for the learned champions of Alaise: and above all with great deference to those who have actually gone over the ground which is the subject of the controversy.

Another difficult question arises in regard to the forces of the besiegers and the besieged, or to speak more accurately the blockaders of Alesia and those who were blockaded. The army of Cæsar, according to the Duke's calculations, cannot have exceeded 40,000 Romans and 10,000 German auxiliaries. Out of this force, according to Cæsar, were to be provided, not only the constructors of the lines and the troops to cover them, but foragers and parties to fetch wood for the works. But Vercingetorix, if we are to believe the *Commentaries*, was shut up in the place with 80,000 warriors, besides the Mandubian population of the town. How came he to make no greater efforts with this army to prevent the formation of such extensive lines of circumvallation by a very inferior force? The Duke is of opinion that the author of the *Commentaries* has Napoleonized a little in his statements in order to enhance the impression on the public mind at Rome. The capture of Alesia was the grand bouquet of fireworks which concluded the dazzling exhibition of the Gallic campaigns; everything would be done to make it effective, and none of the Romans present would be interested in contradicting a somewhat exaggerated account of their own achievements. The army of Vercingetorix, the Duke thinks, cannot have amounted to 80,000 men, and some friendly tribes must have furnished Cæsar with provisions. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how his foragers can have found adequate supplies in a neighbourhood which must have been already exhausted, to supply the besieged—not to mention the difficulty of sparing detachments. The Duke also thinks that the Æduans, through their jealousy of the Arvernians, must have been half traitors to the national cause; and he thus partly accounts for the inactivity of the main body of the relieving army, and especially of the cavalry, on the decisive day. The oration which Cæsar puts into the mouth of Critognatus, and which is evidently his own composition, shows that he allowed something to his imagination. Still, with all fair deduction, the circumvallation and capture of Alesia was no doubt a most extraordinary feat of war. It is singular that Cæsar should afterwards, at Dyrrachium, have fallen into the delusion of fancying this operation practicable against a general like Pompey, with Roman soldiers, when it had so nearly failed against Vercingetorix and his barbarians.

The great exploit was foully sullied by the conqueror's treatment of his gallant foe:—

As for the hero of this last struggle, Vercingetorix, he had been spared at first only to adorn the triumph of the conqueror. He had to wait six years in a hard captivity; on the evening of the triumph he was butchered in cold blood. And people vaunt the clemency of Cæsar—of Cæsar, whom one of his panegyrists glorified as having slain a million of men in Gaul, and sold into slavery there another million of human beings! He was clement notwithstanding, but clement in the Roman way, towards his own countrymen. Before the Divine revelation of the doctrine of Charity, man was nothing; the citizen alone was considered, and that till the faintest notions of justice and injustice had disappeared in the frightful corruption of the Empire. Certainly our modern wars are attended by great suffering, and since the establishment of Christianity cruelties have been witnessed almost equal to those which too often marked the course of the Romans; but the public conscience has devoted to execration the authors of these crimes. At the present day, those who are most hostile or most indifferent to the truths of Christianity feel their influence in spite of themselves; the most pitiless would recoil from the acts which failed to tarnish in the conqueror of Gaul the reputation for clemency which was merited by the conqueror of Pompey.

Of the brave and chivalrous, though thoroughly barbarous Arvernian chief, who rallied the clans of Gaul for their last struggle and led them to their last field, the Duke says, that "in this heroic effort to save the independence of the nation there was more true glory than in founding the Imperial Government at Rome." Such language ought to bring down a warning on the *Review*.

ORNAMENTAL EARNESTNESS.

THERE is an indefinable and impalpable atmosphere of feeling which is to public opinion what a man's manners are to his language, and which greatly influences our daily life, though it would be difficult either to prove its existence or to show the exact points at which its influence is felt. It is a kind of fashion, which at one time gives a jovial, at another a saturnine, and at a third a cynical aspect to many provinces of life, and especially to the less serious ones. This fashion has for some years past run steadily in the direction of what is so widely known and so zealously preached under the name of earnestness. We have earnest politicians—especially what we may call

social politicians—earnest preachers, earnest artists in great numbers, and a powerful body of earnest novelists. We once heard of an earnest law reformer; but he, it may be charitably hoped, was in the nature of a monster. Earnestness, indeed, has overspread all the ornamental parts of society in a very singular manner. Its stronghold is probably to be found in art, where it has been fortunate enough to meet with the most eloquent of advocates in Mr. Ruskin. In the less poetical walks of life it has, we fear, made little progress. A certain number of earnest mechanics are probably to be found; but a mechanic admitted to the society of gentlemen because he is a "working man" can hardly be considered as a prosaic person. We could name one or two earnest members of trades and professions, but their earnestness is personal, and is shown in their social, literary, or artistic tastes, and not in the pursuits appropriate to their respective callings. An earnest doctor's drugs, and an earnest attorney's law, are very much like those of such of his brethren as make no pretension to that character.

If we look at the proper sense of the word "earnest," it is very difficult to deny that almost every one is entitled to any credit which may be involved in its application. Almost every one is in earnest during almost the whole of his life. A man is perfectly serious when he orders dinner—he has no notion of making a joke when he tells his shoemaker to make him a pair of boots. He generally means what he says when he makes an appointment; and he must be a peculiar and exceptional person if he can justly be taxed with any want of eagerness to get through with his daily business, whatever it may be. The praises which in so many quarters are heaped upon this newly-found virtue can only be justified, or even understood, by supposing them to convey an inuendo that society as at present constituted is justly chargeable with being without it; and if we look at the matter historically, we shall see that this is in fact the true explanation of them. Dr. Arnold and Mr. Carlyle were the first persons to make Goethe's "ernst ist das Leben" the text of repeated homilies on the flimsy, superficial, and insincere views of life and conduct which, as they contended, were pre-eminently characteristic of modern English society; and as for art, it is not written in the books of Ruskin how, from the days of Michael Angelo downwards, people have gone astray after the conventional and artificial? Broadly stated, the general view which preachers of earnestness take of the existing state of things is, that all the common routine of life ought by right to be regulated according to certain deep and sacred principles, whereas in point of fact it is not regulated by them, but by others of an ignoble character. It is further maintained that the language in which people usually describe their principles—and which, if construed literally, would imply the existence of a more healthy and elevated state of things—is insincerely used, and represents nothing but more or less conscious hypocrisy. This is proved by the conventional way in which such language is generally introduced, and by the coolness and indifference with which people generally make use of it.

Our readers cannot need instances of the frequency with which such charges are brought against the world. They assume a thousand forms. They are sometimes lachrymose, as in Mr. Dickens—sometimes ironical, as in Mr. Thackeray—sometimes grotesque, as is so often the case with what have been described as "muscular Christians"—and sometimes outrageously contemptuous and arrogant, as in Mr. Ruskin. Some people wear beards to testify to our want of earnestness; some, and of these there are a considerable number, adopt wonderful crotchets about eating, drinking, and dressing; and others, perhaps the most numerous class of all, content themselves with abusing the English language. This last habit is the worst of the set, for it insensibly tends to deprave and corrupt the popular taste. When people speak of their living contemporaries by their Christian and surnames at full length, and without the Mr.—when they use "loyalty," in the French sense of honourable—when they show a marked preference for words of a Saxon over those of a Latin origin—and when they put to strange uses such commonplace adjectives as "brave" and "true," speaking of a "brave heart," and a "true man," while they merely mean that a person is honest and courageous—they are doing their best to give a certain strut and swagger to our everyday conversation, which is, at least in our opinion, very unbecoming. Surely it would be a change for the worse if every writer who wished to intimate that Mr. Bright was very popular, thought himself bound to say, as a gentleman did a day or two ago, "John Bright has won himself a heart-place amongst the English people."

The best way to estimate the justice of the charge brought in these various forms against society is to consider how an ordinary person would behave if he were ever so earnest—in any good sense of the word—that is, if he acted habitually upon the very highest principles in the everyday business of life. If there is in the world a great deal of conduct which will stand this test, it is impossible to deny that there may be much earnestness. Much insincerity and pretence there must be in all societies, but unless it can be shown that there is amongst us a much larger allowance of it than usual, the clamour against this particular age of the world cannot be justified. Let us suppose, for example, that an apothecary in a country town, moderately skilful and moderately intelligent, were as earnest as you please, how would he differ, to external observation, from other apothecaries? His plain duty would be to maintain his family on the

one hand, and to attend to his patients properly on the other. Such a man may of course be a fawning, lying, crawling sycophant and cheat, or he may be a person of unblemished honesty and manliness; or he may be something between the two—a man, in the main, and in a quiet way, desirous to do his duty, yet by no means superior to every form of temptation. Would there be any broad and clear difference between the behaviour of the pattern earnest hero and the man of mere average respectability? That there would be a difference, which a keen observer might possibly detect, may be true, but we do not believe that the one man's habitual manner and behaviour would differ in any marked way from that of the other. Each would be equally conventional in his language—each would be equally trite and insipid in his conversation, and in the maxims by which he would profess to be guided in life—each would in all probability pass through the world undistinguished, and by the generality of men undistinguishable from the great mass of mankind. And yet one of them would have realized the ideal which is so noisily prescribed to us, though his whole person and manner would have borne throughout the whole of his life those marks which are so often accepted as conclusive evidence of the insincerity and heartlessness of the whole generation.

The truth is, that what is called conventionality, whether it reside in manner, in language, in thought, or in the productions of the mind, is in reality no evidence of insincerity—just as originality in all these respects might happen to belong to the basest and falsest of mankind. As it is an intellectual gift to be original, it is an intellectual weakness to be commonplace; but this is the very worst that can fairly be said of a defect (if it can be called one) which, from the nature of the case, must be found in the overwhelming majority of human beings. What are called conventional manners and sentiments are, in fact, an essential part of the social apparatus. To all men, whatever may be their power, they are a necessary step in education—to all ordinary men they are the substitute which the action of society affords for vacancy and listlessness. Of two housemaids equally silly, idle, and careless, the one who has a dim knowledge of her catechism, coupled with a vague association of respect for it, is better off than the one who has none at all. Nothing can be so difficult as to argue with any approach to precision from the manners of the day to the spirit with which it is animated. Fortunately for our privacy and independence, our characters are for the most part screened from observation by a veil almost entirely impenetrable. There is a certain decent propriety of behaviour within which saints, heroes, rogues, liars, cowards, or swindlers, may entrench themselves with perfect security during the greater part of their lives. It is only from exceptional acts, or transient glimpses, that any one can tell to which of the classes the persons so screened may belong. The writers and speakers to whom we have been alluding are extremely anxious that every good man should throw down his screen and claim the position to which he is entitled by some overt act of goodness. We cannot see what would be the good of gratifying their curiosity. Such conduct as they would take as evidence of goodness might be something very different. If circumstances enable a man to do his duty indoors he is fortunate, and he is surely entitled to complain if his neighbour placards the street with announcements that every one who does not open his windows has something discreditable to conceal. If there is in the world a curious and inconsistent spectacle, it is that of a man who unites the praises of sincerity, simplicity, and an earnest discharge of the common duties of life with a mass of oddities, crochets, and protestations against the hollowness and insincerity of the world. He is like a person who should walk through Hyde Park, ringing a bell like a town-crier, and making, with a corresponding voice, some such proclamation as this:—"Look at me, ladies and gentlemen! look at me! You see before you a man who really does believe the Creed and the Ten Commandments. I do really wish to follow my business sedulously; strange and unnatural as you may think it, I really am fond of my wife and children; can you doubt it, when I take every opportunity in all I write, or say, or wear, to assure you of the fact? You, in your conventionality, make no fuss about these things. There is nothing remarkable in your behaviour, or even in your language. Dry, hollow, and heartless as you are, respect, if you refuse to imitate, the real original earnest man."

MEDICAL LEGISLATION.

WE fear that too many of our readers, on glancing at the uninviting title of Medical Legislation, will expect a tedious dissertation, and turn to more attractive subjects. A general distaste for the topic cannot be denied. During fourteen sessions of Parliament, attempts, more or less judicious, have been made to interest the legislature in it. Governments have desired to escape it—members have failed to inform themselves of the extent of the evils complained of, or the meaning of the reforms proposed—and with the public the subject remains in obscurity as complete as the general apathy. A Beer Bill, or a Jew Bill, rouses the House into immediate energy, but a great social question—nothing less than whether the sufferings of the human frame should be alleviated by the most enlightened science, or whether they should be dealt with by semi-cultivated skill—scarcely claims a hearing; and even the faint glow of interest now excited may be rather traced to a certain democratic element

included in the movement, than to any real appreciation of its vast importance. The subject, however, in all its bearings, whether understood or not, will soon be disposed of, either by an indefinite postponement of all legislation, or by the adoption of certain measures which after anxious discussion have been agreed to by a Conference of all those who have due knowledge of medical science, and possess legal authority to practise it. Certain leading principles on which that collected body deem that the welfare of the profession must stand or fall, have been made the basis of their measure, and that measure, framed as to its practical details in a spirit of mutual concession, was laid before Parliament last session, by Mr. Headlam. After a debate showing some progress in knowledge, and more toleration of the subject than had been hitherto accorded to it, the second reading was passed by a majority of 147. Principles thus sanctioned ought to be understood by the public, and their exposition, we trust, will neither prove dry nor purely technical.

The primary desideratum held in view by the Conference is so to regulate medical education as to bring into the profession as much science, with as high a moral tone, as possible. This principle, in the abstract, will be acknowledged by all, and is probably assented to by the supporters, if any there be, of another bill, since drawn up by Mr. Cowper. The mode of dealing with that principle is, however, diametrically opposite in the two measures—that agreed on by the profession and approved by Parliament, and that proposed by Mr. Cowper. The former seeks to raise the general standard, elevating the present leading class in the profession even above its present average of attainments. The latter would wholly obliterate the leading class, reducing the whole profession to one minimum standard of attainments. The leading idea of Mr. Cowper's Bill—which is, in fact, not one of reform but of revolution—is adopted in disregard of palpable facts. He seems to have forgotten that there is an absolute necessity in England for the supply of an immense number of practical men to attend continually on the poorest as well as the wealthiest in the land. These are at present the general practitioners, and they perform innumerable minor, yet valuable services. As a class, they command the respect of the community, and, for the most part, engage the deep regard of families in every walk of life. Their scale of education, equal to their duties, and their modest though respectable position, are the inevitable conditions of a body bearing the numerical extent necessary for the public service. There has been one oversight in supposing that those two conditions can be altered by legislation, because the same social circumstances which created the class must, in time, ever reproduce the same average of qualification and position. There has been another oversight in presuming that the standard of early education suitable to the general practitioner can be adequate to the most accomplished walk in the profession. The proposal that the hitherto distinct careers of the physician and general practitioner should commence together, and their preparation for the most part be identical, leaves the whole question at issue practically nothing less than whether there shall in future exist a class who have approached medical science with advantages unattainable by the multitude—who, proceeding from the same ranks of life as the *élite* of the other learned professions, are free, after the highest preliminary education and subsequent special study, to pursue the intellectual part of medical practice unmixt with miscellaneous duties. It is, in fact, whether the time honoured class of English physicians shall longer exist, except in the misapplied denomination of "Doctor" assumed by men who are virtually general practitioners.

The abolition of this class would eventually result from disruption of the connexion now existing between the old Universities of England and the medical profession; and that disruption must ensue from the provisions of Mr. Cowper's Bill, which make candidates for all classes enter at the same early age, and which offer to men who have not gone through a preliminary education equal advantages with the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. It is obvious that those graduates will in time disappear from the profession—debasing its social position below that of the other learned professions. The character of physician will then no longer be presumed to include high general acquirements as well as particular science, and a body so deteriorated in the world's estimation will find recruits only from inferior ranks of life. It seems needless at the present moment to dilate on the value of preliminary education, when it is acknowledged in the new system of competitive examinations. Those examinations are not for the especial subjects of the future duties, but they are proposed, and that very wisely, to test the amount of previous mental cultivation. The system recognises that those who have the best foundation of knowledge, especially in classics and mathematics, will have the most power to apply themselves to special subjects. In all other professions, the value of a previous university education is practically acknowledged. The law, by requiring two years less special study from men trained at the universities recognises the value of a cultivated intellect. The church, except in rare instances, requires its candidates to have it. The honourable position of physicians in the last century is mainly due to it: by university education we must explain that we intend not merely examinations under degree granting bodies, nor that special medical learning obtained by graduates in Scotch universities, but lengthened intellectual training, especially that perfected under competition for academic honours.

As there is an intellectual, so there is a moral reason that men should enter the profession of medicine with every antecedent advantage. It is supposed that the physician is to be not only the referee in all difficult cases of graver disease, but the trusted confidant in many trying circumstances. In the highest walks of life, illness, and other anxieties have their complications, scarcely to be understood by men unfamiliar with the habits of the afflicted. On these occasions, community of thought and feeling would be sought in vain were the profession to be eachwayed by the junior branches of the higher classes; and it is also not unworthy of consideration, at a time when employment is so urgently needed, in what is called a gentleman's condition, whether it would be wise to close against them a calling so truly honourable in its double character of benevolence and intellectuality.

Considering all the bearings of a physician's life, compared with those in other professions, it surely behoves the Legislature, for the sake of science, as well as for the welfare of society, to add no further discouragement to its adoption by men of promise and talent, and of refined taste. The profession of medicine presses wholly on the individual. Friends or connexions aid him little—there is no theatre for the prompt recognition of his ability. The lawyer claims his due appreciation from the open courts—the physician is judged in private, the award too often guided by ignorance and influenced by temper. There is no recreation for his youth, no provision for his age, no prizes of judgements, no bishoprics—not even the dignified leisure of a deanery; still less the splendid income of retired functionaries. There is no vista of hope—ever open to the church and to the bar—that patronage may land him, even in his latest years, in some honourable office where toil and anxiety may be exchanged for rest and affluence. The only certain meed on which he can rely to soothe the close of his existence is the recollection of the toil he has bestowed in succouring the poor and needy; for it ought not to be forgotten that every physician and hospital surgeon who attains great eminence bestows continued time and labour at the great hospitals of the kingdom, without fee or reward. Surely it requires all the advantages of social position to induce any man to become a physician who has the choice of the other professions; and we must repeat that that position can alone be secured by providing that the very title of physician shall imply that the bearer is possessed of the very highest education.

In advocating the rule that there should be one class of the medical profession with more accomplishments than could be obtained by the mass, we would gladly recognise the competency of certain men who may have commenced as general practitioners, to become, by means of talent and favouring circumstances, and that natural high breeding which is found everywhere, members of the highest class of the profession, and to renounce the hindrances of their minor avocations. There are instances of the same elevation in every profession, and provisions by which the change should be legally accomplished are both just and desirable. This, however, is looking to the exceptions. The rule should be to open the portal wide to the great body of workers, and narrow it to the few by keeping up the highest standard of qualification. It may be well to add a few words to dissipate the popular illusion that any measure for medical reform contemplates enactments against empiricism. The profession are in no way concerned as to any particular mode in which the public may be pleased to tamper with their own health, or to help themselves out of the world. They know too much of the philosophy of the human mind to suppose that any regulations could deprive individuals of such a boasted liberty. Government is only called upon to provide that such professional aid as the State affords to the poor should be as honest and safe as possible; and all that the profession asks is, that their legitimized members should, in their several vocations, be worthy of the confidence of the public.

THE FINE ART OF 1858.

ARCHITECTURE.

WHEN the "mythographers" began to congeal into systematic treatises those old impossible legends which had floated free and inconsistent among the poets and the people of Greece, the philosophical observer might have predicted that the cause which they were serving was a decaying one; and when Selden was elaborating his *Titles of Honour*, and Gwillim compiling his *Heraldry*, it required little discernment to foresee that living feudalism was gone. So, when the leaders of a particular style of architecture devote their main strength to a far distant past, in preference to the living and domestic present, we may write them down among that most valuable, but still unbustling class, the archaeologists. Their vocation has drawn them to the school, and not to the forum—to the library, and not to the training-field. These thoughts irresistibly impressed themselves upon our minds when we saw so large a proportion of the small space which architecture has succeeded in saving for itself at the Royal Academy devoted by leading votaries of pure Classical art, not to their matured contributions towards the future magnificence of structures yet unbuilt, nor yet to the restoration and enlargement of buildings which only need the hand of the repairer, to recall them to beauty and to usefulness, but to the laborious revival on paper of cities and monuments which,

except upon paper, never can live again. Far be it from us to complain of these labours of love. Without the antiquarian, the world's maturing age would be the access of dotage, and not the growth of wise virility. But it is as antiquarians, and not as men of the living time, that they claim our respect at the present Exhibition. Mr. Ashpitel's "Ancient Rome from the Terrace of the Palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Mount" (1008), recalls an imperial metropolis of the old world revelling in the excess of that artistic pomp for which it bartered its freedom, with Capitol, and Tarpeian Rock, and the Fora crowded with monuments in the valley below. Every feature of this design shows careful study. Professor Cockerell transports us to even earlier days, and reconstructs a "wonder of the world"—that famous "Mausoleum" at Halicarnassus, which, after it had for centuries been relegated to the domain of legend and proverb as the symbol of ostentatious affection, has now, in its veritable fragments, reappeared, thanks to Mr. Newton's zeal, in the British Museum (1026). It must have been a goodly pile, and we hope, in its altitude, significative of Queen Artemisia's conjugal love. A solid basement, relieved by a frieze with an equestrian procession, carries the tomb itself—a solid cella, girt with a double row on every face of Ionic columns, thirty-six in all, sustaining a steep, lofty, pyramidal superstructure, stepped in every course, or capped by a biga standing on the small flat summit. Round the base of the pyramid, lions in various attitudes, more or less grotesque, keep guard. Professor Cockerell, as we ascertain from the very learned quotations inscribed upon the broad gold frame, has gone for his particulars both to the fragments themselves and to Pliny, Vitruvius, and Martial, in which research he was aided by that admirable archaeologist, Mr. Consul Newton, under whose care the excavations were made. Mr. E. P. Cockerell, with a filial ambition, flanks the Mausoleum with restorations of a Pompeian drawing-room and a marine villa at Baia (1025 and 1027). We have not yet reached the end of the classical restorations. Professor Cockerell gives the general public, for the first time, an idea of a building which, famous as it is by name, might have been esteemed one of the things which had perished utterly in substance. Mr. E. Falkener, on the other hand, contributes fresh notions of a pile with the aspect of which, in its ruined form, every schoolboy is familiar, and penudes restored, according to his theory, the interior of the Parthenon, with its colossal statue of ivory and gold rising in the centre. In Mr. Falkener's hands, the interior of the Parthenon wears a singular resemblance—the difference between tabernacle and arcuated construction being allowed for—to a medieval cathedral. The arcade, separating the nave and aisles, bears a second range of pillars, accurately representing the triforium of the minster, and over this occurs a blank space, which, were it pierced with windows, would be termed the clerestory. Above all broods a huge, Italian-like, semicircular roof, coffered and panelled, with a large opening for light in the centre, the side-walls being unpierced, while beneath stands the huge effigy of Athené, dwarfing all the surrounding human figures. We shall not entangle ourselves in the controversy towards which this design is a contribution. Only we must observe that all restorations like the present labour, more or less, under the suspicion of being retrospectively imagined from an eclectic point of view. The Englishman who reconstructs the Parthenon, with an habitual personal acquaintance with Westminster Abbey, stands in a position of disadvantage not dissimilar to that which would have environed a contemporary Egyptian architect if called upon to exogitate the same edifice under prejudices drawn from the banks of the Nile.

So much for "Classical," strictly so termed, at the present Exhibition. The residuary designs which are not Pointed or either Italian or French—that is, of those styles which, as they grew up after the reign of Pointed, so made good their position through means of elements borrowed from the system which they had superseded. In spite of its portico, we do not admit the claims of Mr. E. M. Barry's new Covent-garden Theatre to be considered as purely classical (1037). However, we forbear to deal further with this edifice at present, as we intend to take an early opportunity of noticing the building itself, together with several other recent constructions in London of a public character.

It is natural that Mr. Coe (1029) and Mr. Garling (1033) should respectively stereotype disappointed national promises by the display of perspective drawings of their first prize designs for the Foreign and the War Offices, and that Messrs. Banks and Barry should also offer a perspective of that design of theirs which won the second prize among the tenders for a Foreign Office (1015). But there is another drawing which will, we are certain, with all respect for the above-named prizemen, attract the greatest amount of attention from all who are interested in a question which is only shelved, and not wet-blanketed. The frame numbered 974, and bearing the distinguished name of Sir C. Barry, contains—developed in an elevation, two plans, and a description—a scheme for the concentration of the Public Offices, greatly resembling, but improved upon, one which was currently attributed at the competition to Mr. E. M. Barry, and which, till the moment of the adjudication, was universally considered sure of one of the prizes. It was at the same time generally believed that the presiding mind of Sir Charles Barry was not absent from the adumbration of this scheme; and its passing wholly unnoticed and unrewarded transcended general comprehension. Here we have the notion matured and improved, and

without agreeing with more than a portion of it, we are bound to say that the entire conception evinces a powerful grasp of the subject, with all its complexities, deserving of the highest praise. Sir Charles boldly masses the whole body of Offices in one vast Palace of Administration, and he gives as much of the river-side Park as his other arrangements allow. But, on the other hand, his taking the key-note of the whole pile from the existing Treasury—which he incorporates into his structure—involves the use of Italian as the adopted style, and pushes the building so far to the south that the river-side Park is intercepted by it from St. James's Park. Whitehall and Parliament-street, straightened and widened to a uniform breadth of one hundred feet, run from Trafalgar-square to the Houses of Parliament. We need hardly say that an enlarged National Gallery is not forgotten. A new street running south-east from about Craig's-court, and Whitehall-yard also enlarged into a street, and debouching of course opposite the Horse Guards, meet at the river side, and head a proposed "Charing Cross Bridge"—to the east of which the actual mud shoal is reclaimed, raised, and built upon, as an instalment of the Thames Quay, Hungerford Bridge being also opened to the Strand by a new street. From the new bridge down to the Houses of Parliament, to the left of Whitehall, a park or garden is shown, occupying the site of Privy Gardens, Montague House, Richmond Terrace, Cannon-row, &c., with the buildings shown in half tints, leaving it doubtful whether they are to be entirely demolished—Whitehall Chapel of course excepted—and the Board of Control isolated in the centre of its plot of garden. Again, beyond the Houses of Parliament is shown another river-side garden, in place of the actual wharves and yards, with an additional bridge at its southern extremity. To return to Charing Cross. The Mall is carried up to it over the *débris* of Spring Gardens by "Union-street"—a name unluckily recalling the Union Club, near which it will come out. The open space between the Parade and the garden ground of St. James's Park becomes a regular "Park Road" 300 feet wide, with a large crescent of roadway facing the Parade, which beyond Story's Gates continues under the name of (prolonged) Victoria-street, making havoc of many buildings whose loss is a gain, but sparing the Royal Mews. At the junction of new and old Victoria-street, Tothill-street runs northward in a widened form. The Abbey itself and its purlieus are surrounded with garden-ground, and St. Margaret's, we are glad to say, is not necessarily sacrificed. We have now disposed of all the ground except the plot which includes the Admiralty, Parade, Horse Guards, Treasury, Downing-street, and the rookery looking to Great George-street, with Parliament-street on one side, and the Park on the other. It is upon this rookery that Sir Charles, so far agreeing with Sir B. Hall's general scheme, proposes to concentrate the offices. To how gigantic a bulk the poor little Treasury kernel swells up, may be imagined when we say that the new Palace contains fifteen courts, and that its *façade* towards Whitehall, viewed in elevation, contains seventy-three windows, thus disposed. There is a centre with nine windows; then an elevation of nine windows on each side; and then, breaking forward, two moderately projecting wings, each composed of a central portion of thirteen windows, and of two flanking masses of five each. The general plan of the whole Palace is that of a trapezium, the east face towards Whitehall being considerably longer than the western towards St. James's Park. The core of the pile is a series of state reception rooms, which may be built independently of the remaining offices, and compose a ground entrance hall towards Parliament-street with staircases right and left. A lofty circular cupola, with an imposing fleche, standing upon an ample tambour, replaces the quadrangular dome which figured in the parent design of last year; and two smaller cupolas flank the Park elevation.

Sir Charles does not neglect elevation, though his model has unluckily led him into a liberal adoption of that, which, in spite of the innumerable precedents in its favour, we must regard as a corrupt method of Italian—the uniting of two floors into one architectural story. His elevations are more graduated. The central mass has four stories and six floors. The next compartment has three stories and four floors, with an attic which is also the altitude of the flanking portions of the wings, the central parts having only two stories and three floors, with an attic. The attic roofs are conspicuous, and the dormers of adequate magnitude. The pilasters all through are Corinthian, and coupled in the centre. The Horse Guards and Admiralty, as in the former plan, are to be brought into conformity with the new construction, and the Parade enclosed to the west by an open screen so as to form a large court. The whole conception has great grandeur; but as the old chateau of Louis XIII. was suffered to cripple Versailles, so this is crippled by being all worked up to the Treasury, which is, after all, nothing more than Sir J. Soane's legacy.

There are not many ecclesiastical buildings which need detain us. A perspective, by Mr. Slater (963), of the cathedral which he is building at Kilmore, in Ireland, for the use of the Established Church (a noteworthy fact), has so much of the antique feeling about it, that the *Builder* and the *Building News* both referred to it (being deceived by the generalities of the catalogue) as if it were an ancient structure of the fourteenth century. It is a simple building, intended, with limited means, to serve as, and to look like, a cathedral, without ceasing to be a parish church.

A short nave and aisles accommodate the congregation—a central tower (with a pyramidal roof) and transepts give dignity to the structure. The stalls and throne are placed in the central lantern; while the eastern limb beyond is reserved for episcopal functions. The drawing has the merit of adequately displaying itself without being tricked out by colours, and a small plan in the corner explains the arrangements of the interior. Justice is not done in the hanging to the drawing—also uncoloured and illustrated by a plan (1004)—by Mr. Street, of a most picturesque experiment which he is prepared to make in the heart of the city. We allude to the conversion, without disturbing the side walls, of the now tame Wrennean St. Dionis Backchurch into a Gothic structure of great originality, composed of a clerestoried nave with aisles, continued on the south side along the chancel,—which will be distinguished moreover by a groined roof, necessitating flying buttresses—and of a tower crowned by a sort of rich Germanizing spire at the south-west angle of the structure. The disused churchyard to the south will be converted by an architectural wall of enclosure into a miniature Campo Santo. Mr. Teulon's new Church at Hastings (1050), exemplifies how far the artistic use of the apse and other foreign features has superseded that pedantic adherence to pure English precedent which was, some fourteen years since, the watchword of our Church architects. Mr. Webb, in his interior of an imaginary Town Church, drawn of great width and destitute of aisles (1053), shows, in the treatment alike of the drawing and of the building itself, the school of Mr. Street. This young aspirant indicates promise. The interior of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Salford, by Messrs. Weightman and Hartfield, with its graceful fittings and decorations lately added by their able partner, Mr. Goldie (1058), is an exhibition drawing calculated to win popular applause. But we must limit our praise to the work of Mr. Goldie. The church itself—a building, it is fair to say, finished some ten years back—is as unblushing an instance of what schoolboys call "crib," and scholars "cento," as we ever met with—consisting absolutely of the nave of Howden Collegiate Church, the choir of Selby Abbey, and the steeple of Newark, tortured into harmonizing proportions, but in all else copied literally. Mr. Norton's Church at Highbridge (987) has the peculiarity of thin granite shafts coupled transversely being substituted for pillars between the nave and aisles. We do not think the success of the experiment justifies its repetition.

The ground which the indigenous styles of architecture have gained from the Classical school is evident from the prevailing character of the country houses exhibited. Mr. Clutton's Menley Manor, Farnborough (986), reveals almost too freely in peaked roof and tourelle; but the whole expression is very picturesque. Mr. T. H. Wyatt's "Orchardleigh Park," of which two views are given (1000 and 1041), exhibits that partial combination of Italian detail with pointed mass which forms the characteristic of the impure though seductive Jacobean. But the whole effect is Gothic. Mr. Masey's design for a "Mansion," not named (988), and therefore probably not really to be built, adheres, on the contrary, to the more homogeneous forms of flamboyant, and appears to embody them with ability into what would seem a roomy compact structure. Mr. Teulon's steeplelike gateway at Shadwell Court, Norfolk (1034), merits commendation. Mr. E. M. Barry's "Grammar School" near Leeds (1018), is a practical and not undignified pointed building, but rather too regularly irregular. Mr. Scott's "Museum for Pippbrook House, Surrey" (1057), is depressed by the building to which it is added.

When we reach the proposed hotels for London, which the fame of New York, the example of the Hôtel du Louvre, and the success of the Great Western, have brought into the world of projects, we find ourselves again transferred from the inventions of architects to the stock properties of builders. Messrs. Moseley's "Westminster Palace Hotel" (1055)—which is, we are sorry to say, to group with the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament at the corner of Victoria-street—is a cumbersome and frowning caravanserai, indicating on the part of its joint-stock projectors a more than laudable jealousy of æsthetic expenditure. Mr. Ridley's "Proposed Royal Albert Hotel, Westminster" (1019), is a tame, regular Italian pile, with the fault of having wings which exceed the centre in richness. Among miscellaneous designs, Mr. Digby Wyatt's "Sculpture Hall of the New Museum at the East India House" (1023) is a glazed quadrangle in which a pleasing and appropriate use has been made of the Mohammedan architecture of India. Mr. Page's "New Westminster Bridge" shows that the art of iron Gothic is yet in its infancy (1017). It will be a positive eyesore beside the Palace.

We abstain, as usual, from any notice of those picturesque drawings of old buildings which would be more appropriately placed in the Water-Colour Exhibition than here. There are, however, two interiors in the Picture department of the Exhibition which no lover of architecture can pass by without observation—those of the churches of San Giovanni e Paolo at Venice (14) and of San Lorenzo at Rome (159), both by Mr. Roberts, in each of which that most accomplished painter shows the eminent capacity which he possesses of embodying the current and social—as contrasted with the architectural—character of the building he deals with. San Giovanni e Paolo is in itself a lofty and grave pile of Italian Gothic, while San Lorenzo is a structure of more memorable age—an early basilica, itself constructed out of portions of a temple, and decorated with those mosaics which,

although of a considerably later epoch than the actual church, can yet lay claim to venerable antiquity. Both these churches have been materially altered, alike by structural changes and by intrusive furniture, in the three last centuries, during which period the style of each remained a mystery, the key to which had been mislaid; and each, accordingly, presents a somewhat hybrid aspect to the casual beholder—rich, coquettish, beautiful in a fantastic way, but calling for much to be done and much to be undone before its identity can be secured. This actual aspect, seen at some picturesque moment, is what Mr. Roberts—a painter of buildings, not an architectural painter—aims at grasping; and well does he succeed in the attempt. We gladly give him all praise for the talent he shows in his branch of art; but, at the same time, we exhort our architects, and those architects whose profession it is to make exhibition drawings out of the elevations placed in their hands, not to imitate the example. We seek Mr. Roberts in order to enjoy some accidental pictorial effect of a building; we have recourse to them to learn the permanent realities of the building faithfully rendered without pictorial heightening. That which is a legitimate effort in Mr. Roberts is in them a meretricious *tour de force*.

SCULPTURE, MINIATURES, ETC.

BRITISH sculpture is in anything but a flourishing condition—we might say, it is scarcely even in a living condition. It is a small paddock, seldom inspected, sown with legs, and arms, and facial contours of Greek statues, which crop up in languid specimens "after their kind"—and irrigated with Commissions, continually dictated by jobbery or parade, which produce mere trade-work of the most palpable sort. The public and the patrons at large care very little about it, and it falls chiefly into very mechanical hands—the two or three original men here and there being left to fight their way as they best can, through every kind of obstruction and neglect. Small blame to the public and the patrons, as matters stand, for their indifference. Twentieth-rate Grecisms at fiftieth-hand are not calculated to arouse any very earnest enthusiasm: we have discarded that sort of nonsense in painting, and must do the same in sculpture before we produce anything excellent in it. Not that it is desirable—or possible, except in very bad art—to remove the abstract and ideal character of sculpture; but character, in any vital art, alters from age to age, and from sculptor to sculptor, and the nineteenth century A.D., professing that its ideal is the same as that of the 2nd or 1st B.C., confesses in reality that it has no "ideal" at all, but only a "conventional." For all this, it is not uncommon even now, and it used to be still commoner, to hear it affirmed that the British school of sculpture is higher than that of painting. We have never been able to discover the grounds of this affirmation. Our school has indeed produced one sculptor of eminent rank—Flaxman; but even he cannot stand the competition with such a painter as Turner, while Reynolds, Hogarth, and others of first note, remain with no one to confront them. The fact is, as we are left to presume, the affirmation is simply that of conventionalists, who, finding the school of painting too free from convention for their taste, fasten upon the base of our sculpture—its convention—as its excellence, and proclaim it accordingly.

The sculptural population of London has increased by two this year. A model of Mr. Foley's equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, commissioned for Calcutta, is set up in the quadrangle of Burlington House; and Dr. Jenner elbows Sir Charles Napier in Trafalgar-square. The former of these two works is the best monumental statue in London. That is not a very high eulogy; but the praise which the statue deserves is more than cordial. Mr. Foley has infused into the whole air of the figure the promptitude of the man of action, and the deliberate presence of mind of the commander; the only point which appears to tend towards attitudinizing—the position of the left arm—being in fact a necessary expedient for disposing of the lopped hand. The figure has a presence which prevents the horse from getting the better of him—only too common an infirmity of equestrian statues; and yet this horse is unusually vigorous and spirited. Mr. Foley has produced one of the few British portrait statues which will live by any power of endurance higher than that of the metal or stone of which they are composed. Of the other figure, Mr. Calder Marshall's "Jenner," we hardly know what to say. The absurdity of its location has already covered it with ridicule; but that is not Mr. Marshall's fault. We looked carefully round and round the effigy the other day for the express purpose of finding something to say about it, and did not succeed. When we announce that it is a seated figure, we have done very nearly all that our powers of description enable us to do in this case. This Jenner, like so many of his metal and mineral colleagues, is simply null. It is so much material done to order into a shape which may, without any violence to language, be called that of the draped human figure, and that is all. It has no inner life whereby it can speak to us, and be remembered by us.

In the Royal Academy, if we want to come to the mind of its sculptural art, we shall pass the ranks of big figures and "striking" groups, and peer into a dark corner just past the fulsome figure-head of poor Harelock, to scrutinize Mr. Woolner's sketches for figures carved (in relief) on the pulpit of Llandaff

Cathedral, "Moses on Mount Sinai," and "St. John the Baptist." No chippings from Greek antiques here, nor shreds from old masters—the figures are the most entirely original embodiments of scriptural character which we are acquainted with, subsequent to those now worn-out embodiments which used once upon a time to be original too. The mere fact of originality in such a subject is the most signal which could be cited, for not only individuals, but generations of artists, succeeded each other without innovating upon the traditional types; but in this case, the novelty is as admirable as it is singular. Small as the figures are, and not aiming at any extreme technical elaboration, there is the insight of a strong mind and the decision of a strong hand throughout. Moses stands with close, bare feet on the Mount of Revelation, and bows his head amid the thunders—one hand shades his dazzled brow, the other rests upon the tables of the law. The Baptist looks from under his hood with awful eyes, conscious of a coming presence greater than he. His right hand points upwards over his other shoulder, in proclamation of the same. A reed, not "shaken by the wind," rises from the ground to the right. The solemnity of both these figures is very noteworthy; and the qualities of design which they evince, in combination with this high feeling, and with their singular originality, justify the highest expectations regarding the sculptor. He is evidently capable of taking, in inventive work, the same pre-eminent position which his bust of Tennyson, exhibited at Manchester, secured for him in portraiture.

Great interest attaches to the "Statue of Turner," by Mr. Daily. The sloping forehead, heavy nasal beak, mobile mouth, like a camel's, and rotund chin, almost closing up the cleft below the under lip, are assuredly no devices of commonplace idealism. It is not our good fortune to know whether the likeness is true, but we trust it is so, as the endeavour has clearly been for truth, and not for flattery. The careless costume, loosely huddled on, is another point of character. That wonderful palette which gave substance to so many glorious visions is in the left hand; while the right rests upon a couple of books, which, taken in conjunction with the Academic gown thrown over the other clothes, may probably be intended to recal to us the professional post which Turner filled, not in name only. Another work of portraiture deserving special mention is Baron Marochetti's "Marble Bust of Lord John Russell"—a strikingly excellent likeness, with its strong, meagre lines and nervous workings of the face, and executed in a broad, resolute style, which fixes the attention at once. We do not recollect any previous male bust by the Baron equally good.

Of the ideal groups and figures we rate none so high in thought, and not many in execution, as Mr. Leifchild's "Torch-bearers," considered in relation to its original purpose. This group, which represents a Greek runner, outwearing in his course, handing over to his successor the torch which he has borne, to be carried still forward through a fresh career, was intended for the competition for a memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and was one of the three designs selected by the judges. As such, it appears to us remarkably comprehensive, ideal without ceasing to be actual, and appropriate; and we think that its having been laid aside in favour of a design perfectly vacant and inert in purpose, is one more signal instance of the unfairness or blindness of committees of taste. The group is dignified, and has life within its limbs—the figure of the new runner being especially fine and classical in its straight buoyant lines. "The Mother's Kiss," by Mr. Weekes, upholds his reputation as a distinguished executant. The action, too, of the mother, almost burying her face in the close embrace which she bestows upon her boy, is not hackneyed, and has feeling in it. The boy himself strikes us as somewhat long-limbed and small-headed for so young a child. Mr. Bandel has the daring picturesque talent, and command of quick turns and sharp actions, which mark the French school of sculpture. His "Cupid Wounded" tells out strongly in these respects; and his "Bacchante playing with a Panther" ought to win him golden opinions from the lovers of "healthy animalism." Considerable skill is displayed in Mr. Durham's "Hermione as the Statue in the *Winter's Tale*, to be placed in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House." There is a certain air of life piercing through the figure's monumental pose—the bosom is throbbing under the right hand, and the left thrills to its finger-tips. We conceive, however, that the subject is a great mistake. The office of sculpture is to represent in stone a living human being. It cannot, with any approach to adequacy, represent a human being who affects to be a statue; because the simulated stoniness in the human being must merge into the mere inevitable stoniness of the sculpture, and the story remains wholly untold. The statue is what the human being affects to be—it cannot both be itself and represent the affectation of being itself. Perhaps this is the blunder, not of the sculptor, but of the civic authorities, who in such case doubtless thought, with the perversity which attends all half-thinking, that a woman pretending to be a statue was the subject of subjects for sculpture—the "very thing." Unfortunately, however, it is the very thing which it is quite impossible to manage. Two other Shaksperian creations are handled by the sculptors. Mr. Hancock does Ariel and Ophelia—having Mr. Woodington as his competitor in the former subject, and Mr. Marshall in the latter. Mr. Hancock's Ariel is female, though scarcely a creature of sex at all. She bursts from her imprisoning tree in a pretty twist and flutter, with wings, wand, butterfly, and a scrap of drapery, and a bat beneath her feet. A little more of

the idea of spirit, with less of the paraphernalia of spirit, would be all the better; yet it is agreeably done. Mr. Woodington's Ariel is a fat youth, with a rather silly air of enjoyment in his face. Mr. Hancock's Ophelia is a great deal too much contorted, but graceful from one point of view. Mr. Marshall's is also contorted, and not graceful from any. The "Lovers' Walk" of Mr. Munro, now executed in marble, has been before exhibited in plaster. It has great tenderness and purity, and the simplicity of its movement and lines is extremely sweet; the faces, however, are too child-like and deficient in individuality. Even a pair of lovers are not mere lovers in the mass, but a man and woman in love, and cannot be milked dry of all their distinctive humanity. There is more excuse for this absence of character in the figure of "Undine," but it is excuse, not justification; and such features as the attenuated nose, and the miniature mouth, can scarcely be even excused, whatever timid sadness and grace may call for praise in the general conception. The "Grief" of Mr. Lynn, and in a minor degree his "Evangeline," are artistically composed—the "Grief" especially promises well, though it is more an attitude of sorrow than a real sentiment of it. "The Negligent Watchboy of the Vineyard Catching Locusts" is a pleasant reading of Theocritus, by Miss Durant, with some genuinely decorative richness of accessory subject. Mr. Bell sends a colossal "Honour, a model, to be cast out of the guns taken at Sebastopol; being part of a memorial, to be executed in bronze and granite, to those officers and men of the Brigade of Guards, who fell in the late war against Russia." There is the stock pose of laurel distribution, with a certain dignity of appearance which will produce its effect on a large scale; but the figure only repeats what has been done many a time before, and there is no sort of real distinctive character in the head. Mr. Baily's "Genius," another of the Mansion House statues, we can call nothing short of imbecile. "The Death of Alcibiades, bronze statuette," attracts attention as the work of Lieut.-General Sir William Napier. It is quite a competent piece of execution, though the lines of composition are ungainly; and the Napier breathes his martial spirit into the heroic figure—transfixed with the arrow—clutching a last fragment of his sword, and still threatening with his bandaged and failing hand.

Returning to the portrait-sculpture, we encounter two life-sized figures—Mr. Theed's model of his marble statue of "Burke," lately erected in St. Stephen's Hall, and Mr. MacDowell's "Model of a Statue of the late Lord Viscount Fitzgibbon, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers." The Burke takes its place creditably in a series which is not, on the whole, otherwise than creditable to British art—the balance between thought and energy in the figure has been considerably preserved. Viscount Fitzgibbon is successful in so far as it looks like one of our British officers in general aspect and bearing. Mrs. Thornycroft leads off the busts with "The Princess Royal"—a fair likeness, more right than most of the other portraits in its girlish look and evidence of Germanic parentage. Mr. Burnard's "Corn-law Rhymer" and "James Montgomery" are ugly hard-lined heads, not wanting actuality. "Adelaide Ristori" is effectively rendered as an abstract bust, by Mr. Munro, broadly, and with some nice treatment of surface. We cannot, however, deem it a striking likeness. Two of the best heads are by Mr. Foley—"Major-General Forbes," expressive altogether, and especially in the eyes, so difficult for sculptural management; and "G. B. Airy, Astronomer Royal," a face of strong lines and working significance. "C. Donovan, Esq.," by Mr. Lawlor, and "Dr. Southwood Smith," by Mr. Hart, may also be cited, in concluding our review of the Academy sculpture, as above the average.

We have just referred to the competition for the memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851; and have mentioned the only superior model sent into it, and the one which the judges have delighted to honour. Of the remaining models we need not speak individually. Every succeeding sculptural competition exhibits only more and more fully the poverty of idea which paralyses that branch of art. With strict natural limitations to its sphere and its means of embodiment, it eminently needs an original mind, or at least high artistic power, to make it worthy of its lofty mission, or in any degree interesting to the mass of people; and these are not forthcoming. In default of them, we had Britannias, and Prince Alberts, and Industries, and Raw Materials, and British Lions, and everything that is most obvious, threadbare, and valueless. The best thing we can now do is to forget this competition, pending the moment when some new abortion of the commonplace shall be unveiled in Hyde Park, a perpetual memento to our eyes that we either cannot produce an honourable monument, or do not prefer such a one to inanity when the choice lies before us. We hear it rumoured that the responsible persons refuse to grant the space for the erection of Mr. Durham's selected design. Whether this is true or not, we in no wise profess to affirm. If it is, it furnishes a solution of the problem far less afflictive in the long run than the installation of another of our sculptural indignities.

To conclude our review of the Art Exhibitions of the year, we must return to the Academy in its minor sections—miniatures, and drawings. The miniature art is unusually restricted, owing to the ill-advised secession of Mr. Thorburn, and the illness, deplorable by every lover of art, of Sir William Ross. The former gentleman is altogether absent—the latter still present, with powers undiminished, though marred in their expression. "The Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale, the Prince de Condé, and the Duc

de Guise," is the beginning, for it is scarcely half wrought, of as fine a miniature as any which this yet unrivalled painter has produced. The likenesses are most admirable; and the refinement of manner, both in the portraits themselves, and in the least accessories, is the same, as far as it goes, which Sir William Ross has always distinguished himself by above all competitors. His other miniatures are completed, and of his best quality—witness the exquisite pale colour of "Miss Lilian Lucretia Baker Cresswell," and the manly "Portrait of a Gentleman," with a brown spaniel which no professed animal-painter could surpass in simple lifelike truth. In case the two magnates of miniature-painting should abandon that branch of art, Mr. Wells will be left *faute principes* in it—indeed, we think he has already little to fear from Mr. Thorburn. His aim as an executant is freer from parade, and comes nearer to the elegant purity of Ross. "Mrs. Matthias Boyce" is a refined figure, in her lilac-grey dress; and the handling and management of tint in others—"The Princess Rodolph Obolensky," "La Marchesa Calabrin," "Lady Margaret Beaumont and Child"—are almost at the utmost limit of accomplishment. In the hands of the remaining artists, large-sized miniatures fare ill—the finish not being true, but only adapted to catch the eye, and the effect level at best, if not heavy. Mr. Clothier and Mr. Moira present instances of these results. Mr. Rondi, equally conspicuous, is simply bad. "Mrs. Reginald Corbet," by Mr. Couzens, has some of that depth of manner which marks his works, but is not satisfactory in achievement.

In chalk drawings, there is little to record beyond the splendid study of "Deer Stalking," by Sir Edwin Landseer, in coloured chalks, which is a noble piece of rapid unhesitating work, full of quick momentary life, and the domestic group of Mother and Child, by Mr. Mulready—a feeble specimen, which does not by any means represent his richness and completeness of resource in this material. The Crayon heads of Mr. Chalon and Mr. Richmond are rather below their mark than otherwise. Those of Mr. Wells are strong and worthy of note.

REVIEWS.

POSITIVE RELIGION.

M. AUGUSTE COMTE, who not long since died—or, to use his own language, became subjective—is a great riddle to the more intelligent class of our own countrymen. On the one hand, they observe that his name is mentioned and his theories discussed with the deepest respect by some of our ablest writers and thinkers, whilst, on the other, they find him invoked as the patron of utterly wild and extravagant fancies. A man whom Mr. Mill, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Richard Congreve unite in delighting to honour, cannot but be a person of a very peculiar kind. We believe the fact to be, that between his earlier and his later theories a great gulf is fixed—a gulf erected by the development of a sort of mental disease, to which men of powerful and capacious understandings whose life is passed in speculation are occasionally subject. In the earlier part of his career, M. Comte performed the exploit of advancing in a systematic form those doctrines upon the objects, the limits, and the method of pursuing inquiries of all sorts which are usually associated with the name of Positive Philosophy; and he undoubtedly succeeded in framing several general propositions which have exercised a wide influence over contemporary speculation. Perhaps his most celebrated effort in this direction was that which resulted in the doctrine so much valued and insisted on by Mr. Grote, respecting the natural tendency of the various states of mind which issue respectively in fetish-worship, polytheism, monotheism; and finally in the Positive spirit, to succeed each other in a regular order of succession. Whatever may have been the truth of his opinions upon this and kindred subjects, no one could refuse them the praise of very great ability. Indeed, the popular impression about him was that of dislike, not unmixed with a certain awe, inspired by the impression that, being an unrefuted impugner of all opinions usually held sacred, he possessed an acknowledged philosophical eminence which invested his opinions with formidable importance.

To this early state of mind—in which he exercised so strong an influence over men of the very highest order of understanding—a later condition appears to have succeeded, which can only be described by saying that he seems to have gone mad with vanity, retaining, however, in that condition, many of the most characteristic features of his former self. His later works contain a system of positive politics and a system of positive religion, which aim at nothing short of the entire reconstruction of human society—a result modestly indicated in the following remarkable sentiment, with which the work before us begins:—

In the name of the Past and of the Future, the servants of humanity, both its philosophical and practical servants, come forward to claim as their due the general direction of the world. Their object is to constitute at last a real providence in all departments, moral, intellectual, and material; consequently they exclude, once for all, from political supremacy, all the different servants of God—Catholic, Protestant, or Deist—as being at once behind-hand and a cause of disturbance. . . . With this uncompromising announce-

ment, *The Catechism of Positive Religion*. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by Richard Congreve. London: Chapman, 1858.

ment, [he continues] on Sunday, Oct. 19, 1851, in the Palais Cardinal, after a summary of five hours, I ended my third course of Philosophical Lectures on the General History of Humanity—

to the unspeakable relief, we should suppose, of his audience. The volume before us specifies the principles upon which, the means by which, and the consummation to which, the servants of humanity propose to direct the world; and it also states the view which M. Comte himself took, towards the end of his life, of our existing condition. We are living, it appears, in a time when anarchy would become universal, and society be dissolved, if it were not for the influence of women, who, by mere force of sentiment, avert "the moral evils naturally resulting from a chronic state of mental alienation" under which Western Europe has long been labouring. This madness has infected all the educated classes, and many of the poor. Women are for the most part free from it, and the poor or the "proletariate," as Mr. Congreve calls them in his French-English, enjoy a similar immunity to a smaller extent. To these two classes accordingly M. Comte addresses himself. Their unsophisticated minds will understand and adopt his views—before the end of the century Europe will have been altogether reorganized, and the great transitional period of the Western Republic will be reckoned amongst the things that were. In accordance with this notion, the Catechism is composed of a series of conversations between a priest and a woman, in which the Worship, the Doctrine, and the *Régime*, or system of life appropriate to the new faith, are successively delineated.

M. Comte sets out with the assertion that "a state of perfect unity" is the distinctive mark of man's existence, both as an individual and in society, and that religion consists in regulating each one's individual nature with a view to this unity. It appears from other parts of the book, that by "unity" he understands the capacity which a variety of different objects may have of being comprehended under one general formula. If any expression could be framed so general that all affairs, human and terrestrial, might be included in its terms (as all the planetary relations may be expressed in terms of gravitation), that general law of nature would, if we understand him rightly, constitute scientific unity. This, however, is impossible. Man on the one hand, and the world on the other, have no known connexion. They form unrelated spheres of study. Of the world no account whatever can be given, except that its motions, and those of all the inanimate substances which compose it, are regulated by laws, some of which we know, whilst others must for ever remain unknown. The known laws constitute fate—the unknown, chance. Their results may be modified by human power (acting according to its own laws) but that is all. With regard to man, it will appear on due examination that he possesses a variety of instincts some of which are social and others personal. He is not susceptible of being exhaustively described by any set of formulas yet ascertained, and therefore there is no external, or as M. Comte calls it, objective unity of which he is obliged to consider himself as forming a part. It is, however, open to him to form a subjective unity, i.e., a unity existing in his own mind, of which he may consider himself as a part, and with a view to which he would do well to regulate his conduct; and thus his religion will be that system which points out to him what that ideal is which he ought to frame, and which, when framed, ought to regulate his whole life. We are not informed why anybody need trouble himself about any unity at all. M. Comte seems to assume, as a self-evident first principle, that it cannot be dispensed with, and he details at considerable length what this unity is. It is his substitute for God, and is in his own words "the Goddess Humanity," who can only be properly represented by "a picture of a woman of thirty years of age, with a child in her arms." The goddess consists of "the whole of human beings, past, present, and future"—unworthy members (those we suppose who do not feel the want of unity) being alone excluded. Their loss, however, is to be compensated by the assumption into the goddess of the nobler animals. The great leading peculiarity of the new goddess is unquestionably to be found in the mode of her existence. Human beings have two existences—the objective and the subjective. The former is that present life with which we are all familiar—the latter consists solely in being remembered after death by our friends and admirers. The existing generation of men are thus not only an essential part of their goddess, but they are, *de die in diem*, the creators of the rest of her. So that, as M. Comte pathetically remarks, "the development, and, of course, also the preservation of the Great Being must depend on the free services of its different children." The "subjective existence" of the dead (that is, the fact that they are remembered by the living) appears to M. Comte, and we suppose to his admiring translator, a vast improvement on the Christian theory of a future life, and a sublime remedy for their debasing selfishness.

Having made his God, M. Comte tells us how it, or she—for he uses the pronouns indifferently—is to be worshipped. Nothing can exceed the value which he sets upon prayer. "Never can the three aspects of human life be united with so intimate a union as in our admirable effusions of gratitude and love towards our great Divinity, or her worthy representatives and organs." These effusions consist in retiring three times a day, to think how fond we are of our race. The first prayer is in the morning, the second at midday, and the third "will be said when in bed, and ought as far as possible to continue till we fall asleep in order the better to ensure a calm brain at the time

when we are least protected from evil tendencies." As mere philanthropic aspirations would have a certain tendency to vagueness, these prayers are to consist principally of the invocation of guardian angels. Every family furnishes three types for this purpose—that of the mother, the wife, and the daughter, who respectively typify veneration, attachment, and kindness. M. Comte does not say which of the three is to be prayed to when the devout positivist wants to go to sleep. The choice would not be flattering. Besides thinking about his womankind, a man may also pray by singing, drawing, or repeating poetry—a convenient practice, says M. Comte, because it saves the trouble of invention. There may be something in that.

We are not prepared to deny that it would be more improving to spend an hour on Sunday in grinding a barrel-organ than to listen for the same time to certain preachers whom we could name. The "family types" may be worshipped on a scale gradually more and more extended till domestic takes the place of personal worship; and above this, again, rises social worship, which consists in the reception of nine sacraments marking the principal events of life. They are—*presentation*, in which new-born children are presented to the priesthood for the service of humanity; *initiation*, at fourteen years of age, when the public education of the boy begins; *admission*, at twenty-one, when the youth "is authorized freely to serve humanity;" *destination*, or the choice of a profession at twenty-eight; *marriage*, which ought to take place between twenty-eight and thirty-five; *maturity*, at forty-two, "when we impose on the servant of humanity the responsibility which is now complete;" *retirement* at sixty-three, when active life is renounced, and the servant of humanity names the successor to his position, whatever it may be—for in this system every profession is regarded as an office; *transformation*, a parody of extreme unction; and, lastly, *incorporation*, a sort of canonization for the million, which occurs seven years after death. The priesthood upon due examination, declare that the deceased belongs to the subjective part of the Great Being, and "the sanctified remains," which "had previously been deposited in the burial-place of the city . . . now take their place for ever in the sacred wood which surrounds the temple of humanity." Positivists, however, are characteristically incapable of doing without a legion of honour even in heaven. "Every tomb is ornamented with a simple inscription, a bust or a statue, according to the degree of honour awarded." Women are not to be "incorporated" expressly, because "the incorporation of the man includes all the worthy auxiliaries of every true servant of humanity, not even excepting the animals who have contributed their aid."

Such is the Positivist worship. The *régime*, or organization of society, is even more remarkable. Inasmuch as modern nations are far too large for patriotism, they are to be broken up into communities of about 3,000,000 souls each—Belgium being taken as a model nation. Belgians, as we all know, have much more national feeling and public spirit than Englishmen or Frenchmen. France will form seventeen of such States, and England several more. Ireland will soon separate from us, and "that will lead to the rupture of the artificial bonds which now unite Scotland and even Wales with England proper." The ultimate result is, that "at the opening of the next century Portugal and Ireland, granting they remain entire, will be the largest republics of the West." Society will be divided into three classes, the patriciate, the priesthood, and the proletariat. The patriciate will consist of 2000 bankers, 100,000 merchants, 200,000 manufacturers, and 400,000 agriculturists. They are to be the sole owners of property, and the "industrial chiefs" of the 120,000,000 who will form the proletariat of the Western European Republic. "In each separate republic the supreme temporal power will be vested exclusively in three bankers. Before these two hundred triumvirs (triumvirates we suppose), the Western priesthood, acting under the direction of the High Priest of Humanity, will lay in proper form the legitimate claims of an immense proletariat." Imagine the Archbishop of Canterbury "laying the claims of an immense proletariat" before Colonel Waugh, Mr. Humphrey Brown, and Sir John Dean Paul. What a subject for a grand historical picture by Mr. Ward or Mr. Maclise! The priesthood (who are moreover to be doctors, authors, and artists) are to be organized in colleges, or "philosophical presbyteries," each containing seven priests and three vicars. There are to be 2000 of these colleges in the Western Republic, which will be divided into five churches—the French, the Italian, the Spanish, the English, and the German. The four last are each to have a national superior. France is to be under the High Priest of Humanity, who is to live at Paris, with an income of 2400*l.* a year. The national superiors are to have 1200*l.*, the priests 480*l.*, the vicars 240*l.*, and the aspirants, or divinity students 120*l.* They are to renounce all private property, and are, like every one else, to nominate their successors. The High Priest of Humanity alone is to be appointed by the four national superiors. War, in the gross coarse sense of the term, is to be at an end, but certain international strikes are obscurely sketched out as presenting the nearest approach to war which "the normal state" will permit. In case of oppression or unfairness on the part of the triumvirate of bankers, an institution analogous to the orders of chivalry, but of a commercial character, is to be set on foot, which will furnish the priesthood with funds to counteract their operation. "Many industrial chiefs, especially amongst the bankers, will in early life enrol themselves as members" of this association. This, however, is only to be an occasional resource. In the normal state of things, the priest and

the banker are to live on the best of terms. The regular number of bankers in the West is the same as that of the Positivists' temples. Each temple will be naturally under the temporal protectorate of the adjacent banker, who will be commissioned by the triumvirate of the State to transmit the priests their stipends. In private life there is to be a common education for all. There is to be fasting. People will voluntarily give up wine. Widowhood is to be eternal, and "this alone" will attract all women to the scheme, for "a second marriage must always involve a subjective polygamy." The book closes with a sketch of the general history of religion, principally remarkable for the avowal that positivism has a "profound sympathy" for fetishism.

The only explanation of this scheme which we can form is that towards the end of his life M. Comte went mad; and the indescribably ludicrous displays of frantic vanity which this work contains are strong indications both of the source and of the extent of the disease. He tells us that some years back he fell in love (quite in a Platonic way, for "her invariable reserve after some time purified my affection") with Madame Clotilde de Vaux; that she was the source of his inspiration; that "my career had been that of Aristotle—I should have wanted energy for that of St. Paul but for her;" and that "her glorification is inseparable from mine. It will constitute my most valued reward. She is for all time incorporated into the true Supreme Being, of whom her tender image is allowed to be for me the best representative." One would like to know what became of her husband.

Any other comment than that which we have already made on this monstrous absurdity would be superfluous. Our only excuse for devoting so much space to what we look upon in such a light is the fact that Mr. Congreve is the translator of the book before us, and that the *Westminster Review* devotes a grave and elaborate article to the subject. Mr. Congreve is extensively known in some portions of English society, and has hitherto been looked upon as at any rate sane; but it is right that the world should know what kind of opinions a man who administers to it so much advice and such sharp rebukes deliberately accepts and endorses.

GALLenga's COUNTRY LIFE IN PIEDMONT.

THIS is a book of travel and observation with something in it which we really like to know, and it therefore presents a strong contrast to the publications of ordinary tourists. It is not often that a book so thoroughly worth reading is to be met with, but then it is seldom that a book is written under such advantageous circumstances. M. Gallenga writes with the feelings, tastes, experience, and knowledge of an Englishman; but in writing of Italy he writes of his native country. He has an independent mind, sound judgment, and plenty of excellent common sense. He rejects the poetical views of Italy and the Italians, and sticks to simple facts with a wonderful perseverance and directness. Everything is judged of from an English point of view. The theme is the extreme backwardness of Piedmont, as tested by an English standard, in spite of the progress which Piedmont has already made by emulating the English system of government. Perhaps we see the Piedmontese under colours too unfavourable when they are brought before us in this way. We lose our sense of what they are gaining in the revelation of the great extent of ground they have still to make up. Nor in the description of the country and its inhabitants is it easy to trace the qualities which are at the present hour making Piedmont so honourably conspicuous in Europe. The prosaic view is apt to give the truth, but not the whole truth, and a more enthusiastic observer might have had something to add to the picture which in justice should be added. But so far as it goes, the work before us contains abundant evidence of its own faithfulness, and no one who reads it can doubt that it is not only very interesting but very instructive.

The roads and inns of Piedmont supply the first materials for M. Gallenga's criticism, and certainly the art of travelling is not yet understood by the subjects of Victor Emmanuel. The simple reason is that the people do not want to travel, which is in most countries an artificial taste and acquired only by slow degrees. "Nothing," says M. Gallenga, "can well be more shocking than the roads, public conveyances, and houses of entertainment in this country." In the first place, the roads are much too wide and grand in design to be kept in repair. There is hardly a road across the vast plain of Piedmont that will not give passage to six carriages abreast. "The vast tracts of waste land, which bear the name of roads," are so difficult to drain or keep drained, that no attempt is made to effect the first condition of a decent highway. In the repairs of the road, gravel, pebble, and flintstones of every dimension, from a walnut to a bomb-shell, are brought in from the nearest mountain and thrown loosely on the road. The consequence is, that almost the entire distance of a carriage journey in Piedmont is performed at a foot's pace; and at the end of the day the accommodation the traveller will meet with is not calculated to cheer him. Everywhere in his inn he will find noise, dirt, universal disorder and confusion. There are no bells, and no waiters, and nothing to eat except macaroni and risotto. But the worst of all things to an Englishman is

dirt, and how dirty things are in Piedmont, we cannot venture to state except in M. Gallenga's own words:—

As soon as daylight comes in, look round! See the plaster peeling off, falling off from the unpapered, dingy walls. Look at the state of the uncarpeted floor, never washed, swept perhaps once in the year. You take a clean shirt out of your portmanteau, and are awkward or unlucky enough to let it drop on the floor; let it fall where it may, it will require laundress's work ere you can think of putting it on again. You cannot brush past a wall, either in bedchamber, parlour, or staircase, but you must needs have your coat cleaned anew. You cannot lay your hat on a chair, sofa, or table, but you must needs pass your silk handkerchief over it ere it be fit to cover your head once more. The amount of dust and dirt is appalling everywhere. Nor is the inn alone objectionable on that score; the café, the church, the court-house, all public places and most private houses, are in the same state of uncleanness. The very style of building, the nature of the houses, warranted to last a thousand years, and suffered to go without repair for nearly the whole period, the absolute want of house-painting, and the chariness of whitewashing, contribute to wrap everything in a dusky, greasy, dingy coat of dirt, to give everything the look of discomfort and dilapidation. Whatever may be the political opinions of the Italians about other matters, they are certainly all conservatives as to dirt.

Piedmont is scarcely half so well tilled and turned to profit as Austrian Lombardy or the Duchies of Parma and Modena. It is, however, only on the plain that agriculture is backward or neglected; for every inch of mountain land that human industry can cultivate is not only made the most of, but is so dear an object of affection to the mountaineer, that it is often cultivated where it is impossible that the pains of the labourer should be rewarded. But the agriculture of the plains is a lamentable spectacle. No one stays in or near the scene of cultivation that can help it. Whoever can by any means eke out the most wretched existence at Turin will never think of living in a country town; and whoever can manage to live in a wretched country town will never dream of inhabiting a villa. Even the labourers live at a distance from their work, which makes their labour much less effective. The farms, again, are too large for the number of men destined to till them, and the prevalence of the metayer system makes the peasant slovenly and unenterprising. His life is one of constant hardship. The lowest convicted felon in England is said to be better fed than the best free labourer in Piedmont; and in the cruelly sharp winter months, the deplorable scarcity of fuel drives the labourers from their hearths, and compels them to herd with the cattle in low, noisome, suffocating stables. Nor is it easy for the more intelligent and wealthy part of the community to raise the standard of agriculture and of agricultural comfort. By far the largest portion of the fields and vineyards, and all the woods and pastures, are unclosed; and are, therefore, subject to constant depredations; and the people are so accustomed to huddle together in the hovels of small towns, that it is hard to get hands to work or heads to co-operate in any improvement.

The great advantage of constant and abundant water power which nature has conferred on Piedmont is also wasted. Irrigation is still in a very imperfect and slovenly state. The central part of the plain is in a measure barren from an injudicious waste of its waters; and where irrigation is attempted there is no general system, and the husbandman by the river-side draws the water from the streams in dribbles for his own purposes. And, little as has been done towards making the best use of the rivers which flow through the country, even less has been done to prevent their inflicting the mischief which a little attention and foresight might have averted. The prodigal destruction of timber on the sides of the hills has loosened the soil, and often made the whole surface soil slide off the rocks into the bed of the river. The rivers are not controlled in their course or in their size, and after a heavy flood the valleys often present little more than bare wildernesses of sand, gravel, and fragments of rock. Nor have the streams of Piedmont been pressed into the service of the manufacturer. A few Englishmen have settled in the country, and turned the waters of the Pellice to good account by establishing cotton mills at La Torre, and there are factories of some kind in most Piedmontese villages. But there is nothing attempted except in the simplest branches of manufacture. The Piedmontese buy their own silk-thread back from the French in the shape of silk dresses at an advance of a thousand per cent, and yet there is no reason why Piedmont should not be the seat of the highest manufacturing success. The hills furnish endless water-power, with their perennial and unfrozen streams—the railways will soon afford a means of rapid communication with the coast—and the efficiency of Italian working men is indisputable. All that is wanted is capital and energy.

The two concluding chapters of M. Gallenga's book are devoted to the social condition of the people, and certainly the picture drawn is not flattering. The want of fuel is so great that in the whole of Turin Sir James Hudson almost alone had a comfortable fire. Partly because it is so cold in their own houses, and partly from the habit of the country, the natives live mostly in cafés; and of this mode of life M. Gallenga says, that "of the Italians it may be said not so much that they meet, as that they pig together in their cafés." What he means he explained a little later by saying that "the wet from dripping umbrellas, the steam from dank cloaks, the mud from uncarpeted boots, mixed with the ashes and crushed stumps of cigars, and freshened up by the perpetual shower from the throats of every man present, make the very ground thick and sticky under your feet." It ought, however, to be observed, that M. Gallenga evidently does not himself like smoking. Nasty, however, as the cafés are, they are sufficiently attractive to keep an appalling number of

men bachelors, and to lure a great many married men from the society of their wives—a defection which M. Gallenga cannot reprobate as strongly as he would wish to do, because he is forced to admit “the mental tameness and plainness of the generality of Italian women.” He even goes so far as to tell us that the reason why, when men do condescend to visit and smoke in the drawing-room of an Italian lady, no other ladies are present except the mistress of the house, is that the generality of husbands are so ashamed of their wives, that they will not let other men see them. Intellectually, the Piedmontese are not very forward. They know absolutely nothing of German or English, neglect the Italian classics, and devote their attention only to French novels. Physically, also, there is much to lament. They are “desperately addicted to gormandizing;” and much of their effeminacy and slovenliness arises from the torpor thus induced. They have abandoned the athletic games which were the delight of an older generation. No man who can ride will walk, and no man who can drive will ride. They are old at five-and-thirty; and they never feel the slightest scruple in confessing their impotence for even the most trivial physical exertion, or their inability to bear the least mental or bodily pain.

Such is M. Gallenga's account of the heroic sons and beautiful daughters of heroic and beautiful Italy. We do not doubt that it is derived from actual observation, or that it has its true side. But it is evidently a partial account; and it cannot be true, except in the degree that it is true that Englishmen are a nation of shopkeepers, and that there are no virtuous women in France. We must accept it with a large grain of salt. Still it is better that a man should be honestly onesided in open censure, than twaddle on in a strain of unmeaning flattery. When we have read this book, we feel that we know more of Piedmont than we ever knew before. We have got a basis for further inquiry. Let us hope some other traveller, as faithful and plain-spoken, will show us the more favourable side.

A NEW NOVELIST.*

THE readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* during the past year I were set speculating as to the authorship of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, which were obviously the production of a peculiar and remarkable writer, whose style showed little or no family resemblances with that of any living author. The republication of these stories in two volumes, with the name of George Eliot attached, has done little towards satisfying curiosity, since the suspicion is pretty general that George Eliot is an assumed name, screening that of some studious clergyman, a Cantab, who lives, or has lived the greater part of his life in the country, who is the father of a family, of High Church tendencies, and exceedingly fond of children, Greek dramatists, and dogs. Thus much internal evidence suggests. For ourselves, we are indifferent as to the rest. It is enough for us that George Eliot is a new novelist, who to rare culture adds rare faculty, who can paint homely every-day life and ordinary characters with great humour and pathos, and is content to rely on the truth of his pictures for effect. Considering how unfamiliar most of us are with life in its romantic and adventurous forms, and with men and women of colossal proportions, it is strange that writers rarely have the courage or the talent to depict the characters and experiences which they and we know so well, but fly off at a tangent of improbability as soon as their pens touch paper. George Eliot has the courage and the talent to paint what he knows, and only what he knows. As he says:—

At least eighty out of a hundred of your adult male fellow-Britons returned in the last census, are neither extraordinarily silly, nor extraordinarily wicked, nor extraordinarily wise; their eyes are neither deep and liquid with sentiment, nor sparkling with suppressed wit; they have probably had no hairbreadth escapes or thrilling adventures; their brains are certainly not pregnant with genius, and their passions have not manifested themselves at all after the fashion of a volcano. They are simply men of complexions more or less muddy, whose conversation is more or less bald and disjointed. Yet these commonplace people—many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows, and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share?

Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones.

He has made us weep over this pathos, and laugh over this comedy; and he has done so with a quiet truth which we find in few of his contemporaries. We read the *Clerical Scenes* as they appeared, month by month, and we have re-read them in these volumes with even fresh admiration. But instead of forestalling the reader's enjoyment by sketching a meagre outline of the stories, we shall offer a few remarks on their style and treatment.

“The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton” gives us the picture of a curate who, on eighty pounds a year, has to support a wife and six children in decency, and to minister to the spiritual wants of a congregation. Here is a subject thoroughly commonplace. The man himself is wholly commonplace. Yet the story is not only interesting, but perfectly fresh and original—the character

is not only a distinct individuality, but one which appeals to and wins our deepest sympathy. We do not admire Barton; indeed we rather laugh at him; yet the laughter is tempered by sympathy, and we like him for the same reasons that we like many other commonplace people—because of his charming wife, his charming children, his misfortunes, and his position. He is not handsome, he is not wise, he is not even nobly virtuous:—

Look at him as he winds through the little churchyard! The silver light that falls aërial on church and tomb, enables you to see his slim black figure, made all the slimmer by tight pantaloons, as it flits past the pale gravestones. He walks with a quick step, and is now rapping with sharp decision at the vicarage door. It is opened without delay by the nurse, cook, and housemaid, all at once—that is to say, by the robust maid-of-all-work, Nanny; and as Mr. Barton hangs up his hat in the passage, you see that a narrow face of no particular complexion—even the small-pox that has attacked it seems to have been of a mongrel, indefinite kind—with features of no particular shape, and an eye of no particular expression, is surmounted by a shape of baldness gently rising from brow to crown. You judge him, rightly, to be about forty. The house is quiet, for it is half-past ten, and the children have long been gone to bed. He opens the sitting-room door, but instead of seeing his wife, as he expected, stitching with the nimblest of fingers by the light of one candle, he finds her dispensing with the light of a candle altogether. She is softly pacing up and down by the red firelight, holding in her arms little Walter, the year-old baby, who looks over her shoulder with large wide-open eyes, while the patient mother pats his back with her soft hand, and glances with a sigh at the heap of large and small stockings lying unmended on the table.

Yet he had a divine wife, and is loved by her with the love of a woman:—

Soothing, unspeakable charm of gentle womanhood! which supercedes all acquisitions, all accomplishments. You would never have asked, at any period of Mrs. Amos Barton's life, if she sketched or played the piano. You would even perhaps have been rather scandalized if she had descended from the serene dignity of being to the assiduous unrest of doing. Happy the man, you would have thought, whose eye will rest on her in the pauses of his bedside reading—whose hot, aching forehead will be soothed by the contact of her cool, soft hand—who will recover himself from dejection at his mistakes and failures in the loving light of her unrepenting eyes! You would not, perhaps, have anticipated that this bliss would fall to the share of precisely such a man as Amos Barton, whom you have already surmised not to have the refined sensibilities for which you might have imagined Mrs. Barton's qualities to be destined by pre-established harmony. But I, for one, do not grudge Amos Barton this sweet wife. I have all my life had a sympathy for mongrel ungainly dogs, who are nobody's pets; and I would rather surprise one of them by a pat and a pleasant morsel, than meet the condescending advance of the loveliest Skye-terrier who has his cushion by my lady's chair. That, to be sure, is not the way of the world: if it happens to see a fellow of the proportions and aristocratic mien, who makes no *faux pas*, and wins golden opinions from all sorts of men, it straightway picks out for him the loveliest of unmarried women, and says, *There would be a proper match!* Not at all, say I: let that successful, well-shapen, discreet, and able gentleman put up with something less than the best in the matrimonial department; and let the sweet woman go to make sunshine and a soft pillow for the poor devil whose legs are not models, whose efforts are often blunders, and who in general gets more kicks than halfpence. She—the sweet woman—will like it as well; for her sublime capacity of loving will have all the more scope; and I venture to say, Mrs. Barton's nature would never have grown half so angelic if she had married the man you would perhaps have had in your eye for her—a man with sufficient income and abundant personal *décalé*. Besides, Amos was an affectionate husband, and, in his way, valued his wife as his best treasure.

To make a hero out of such a curate required steadfast faith in the power of truth, and disregard of conventions. The same disregard of circulating-library principles is seen in the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Gilfil, whose love story forms the second of these sketches. We are introduced to Mr. Gilfil when he is old; his romance has been lived; he has loved and suffered; but instead of our being called upon to weep over a wasted life, and to pity a noble ruin, we are forced to love and admire a quite ordinary mortal, caustic, benevolent, active, somewhat miserly, and given to the evening solace of a pipe and gin-and-water. George Eliot knows that many refined lady readers may be offended by this termination of Mr. Gilfil's romance:—

But in the first place, dear ladies, allow me to plead that gin-and-water, like obesity, or baldness, or the gout, does not exclude a vast amount of antecedent romance, any more than the neatly executed “fronts” which you may some day wear, will exclude your present possession of less expensive brush. Alas, alas! we poor mortals are often little better than wood-ashes—there is small sign of the sap, and the leafy freshness, and the bursting buds that were once there; but wherever we see wood-ashes, we know that all that early fullness of life must have been. I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see also, with my mind's eye, that Past of which they are the shrunken remnant, and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden-scenes and fair perspectives, overturned and thrust out of sight.

Once more is the boldness of this writer shown in his choice of “Janet's Repentance”—the third and finest of these *Clerical Scenes*. He calls upon us to accept as a heroine a woman driven by ill-treatment and misery to that unpoetical, but unhappily too real, refuge—wine! This tragic sin is dealt with at once delicately and boldly; and the story of her repentance and victory is one of the most pathetic scenes we know. A beautiful, impulsive, loving woman is shown us in her sin and in her rescue; and the influence exerted over her mind by the sympathetic earnestness of the Rev. Mr. Tryan—whose persecutions and sorrows also form an important element in the story—is represented in a style so truthful that we seem to be reading an actual biography.

While commending the truthfulness of the characters and incidents, we must make one exception. The episode of Mr. Tryan's early love and sorrow is a great mistake. It is one of the incidents hackneyed in fiction; and we are surprised to find it among

* *Scenes of Clerical Life*. By George Eliot. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

incidents so fresh as those of the *Clerical Scenes*. Another objection we must urge, although it is purely technical. In "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" a great mistake in art is made in the construction—there are no less than three retrospects in it. One is enough, in all conscience. When the story fairly commences, it proceeds with due rapidity.

As might have been expected, a writer who selects topics so unlike those of other novelists, and who disregards conventions in conception, will not be likely to fall into the slipslop and conventions of expression which make the generality of novels difficult to read twice. In no page of these volumes have we noticed writing for writing's sake, or phrases flung out at hazard. The language always expresses distinct ideas, and the epithets are chosen because they are fitting. Indeed, so far from carelessness being the fault of the style, we should rather urge the objection of a too-constant elaboration, especially in the earlier pages, where almost every sentence seems finished into an epigram or an aphorism. The pudding is often too profuse in plums—too scanty in connective dough. Instead of simply referring to the village organist, he refers to "a collector of small rents, differentiated by the force of circumstances into an organist;" the curate's hat "shows no symptom of taking to the hideous doctrine of expediency, and shaping itself according to circumstances;" and "the human animal of the male sex was understood to be perpetually abstinent, and 'something to drink' was as necessary a 'condition of thought' as Time and Space." Casual phrases like these betray a mind of philosophic culture, but they mar the simplicity of the style. When the author is describing scenery, which he does with poetic felicity, or in his emotional and reflective passages, the style has none of these literary betrayals. Here, for example, is a passage we admire:—

The inexorable ticking of the clock is like the throb of pain to sensations made keen by a sickening fear. And so it is with the great clockwork of nature. Daisies and buttercups give way to the brown waving grasses, tinged with the warm red sorrel; the waving grasses are swept away, and the meadows lie like emeralds set in the bushy hedgerows; the tawny-tipped corn begins to bow with the weight of the full ear; the reapers are bending amongst it, and it soon stands in sheaves; then, presently, the patches of yellow stubble lie side by side with streaks of dark red earth, which the plough is turning up in preparation for the new-thrashed seed. And this passage from beauty to beauty, which to the happy is like the flow of a melody, measures for many a human heart the approach of foreseen anguish—seems hurrying on the moment when the shadow of dread will be followed up by the reality of despair.

And this, which follows a satirical description of a market-town:—

To a superficial glance, Milby was nothing but dreary prose: a dingy town, surrounded by flat fields, lopped elms, and sprawling manufacturing villages, which crept on and on with their weaving-shops, till they threatened to graft themselves on the town. But the sweet spring came to Milby notwithstanding: the elm-tops were red with buds; the churchyard was starred with daisies; the lark showered his love-music on the flat fields; the rainbows hung over the dingy town, clothing the very roofs and chimneys in a strange transfiguring beauty. And so it was with the human life there, which at first seemed a dismal mixture of gripping worldliness, vanity, ostrich feathers, and the fumes of brandy: looking closer, you found some purity, gentleness, and usefulness, as you may have observed a scented geranium giving forth its wholesome odours amidst blasphemy and gin in a noisy pothouse.

Some of the aphorisms, of which we might quote many did space permit, are as well expressed as they are justly thought. Here are three:—

But it is with men as with trees: if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into platonic beauty; and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered.

It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

The wrong that rouses our angry passions finds only a medium in us; it passes through us like a vibration, and we inflict what we have suffered.

We know not whether George Eliot has most power over tears or laughter; but as humour is a rarer quality than pathos, we are disposed to admire his humour most. It is very genuine, and not only plays like lambent flame amid the descriptions, but animates the dialogues with dramatic life. And this leads us to notice another merit in these stories—the characters are not only true portraits, but they are living beings. Their feelings and motives are seen to be part and parcel of their natures and conditions, their talk is individual, belongs strictly to them, and not to the author. Hence even the little scraps of village gossip, or kitchen talk, introduced to carry on the story, have an independent life-like value. Whether the dialect is correctly or incorrectly given, we cannot say, but we are quite certain that the language is that of peasants, farmers, and servants, not the language of fiction. For example, two women are discussing mourning:—

"Some folks can't a-bear to put off their colours," she remarked; "but that was never the way of my family. Why, Mrs. Parrot, from the time I was married till Mr. Higgins died, nine year ago come Candlemas, I never was out of black two year together."

"Ah," said Mrs. Parrot, who was conscious of inferiority in this respect, "there isn't many families as have had so many deaths as yours, Mrs. Higgins."

Mrs. Higgins, who was an elderly widow, "well left," reflected with complacency that Mrs. Parrot's observation was no more than just, and that Mrs. Jennings very likely belonged to a family which had had no funerals to speak of.

And here are cook and housemaid discussing their master and mistress:—

"I wouldn't stan' bein' mauled as she is by no husband, not if he was the biggest lord of the land. It's poor work bein' a wife at that price: I'd sooner be a cook w/out perkises, an' hev roast, an' boil, an' fry, an' bake all to mind at once. She may well do as she does. I know I'm glad enough of a drop o' summat myself when I'm plagued. I feel very low, like, to-night; I think I shall put my beer in the saucepan an' warm it."

"What a one you are for warmin' your beer, Betty! I couldn't abide it—nasty bitter stuff!"

"It's fine talkin'; if you was a cook you'd know what belongs to bein' a cook. It's none so nice to hev a sinkin' at your stomach, I can tell you. You wouldn't think so much o' fine ribbins if your cap then."

"Well, well, Betty, don't be grumpy. Liza Thomson, as is at Phipps's, said to me last Sunday, 'I wonder you'll stay at Dempster's,' she says, 'such goings on as there is.' But I says, 'There's things to put up wi' in every place, an' you may change, an' change, an' not better yourself when all's said an' done.' Lors! why, Liza told me herself as Mrs. Phipps was as skinny as skinnies in the kitchen, for all they keep so much company; and as for follers, she's as cross as a turkey-cock if she finds 'em out. There's nothin' o' that sort in the missis. How pretty she come an' spoke to Job last Sunday! There isn't a good-natur'd woman in the world, that's my belief—an' handsome too. I alys think there's nobody looks half so well as the missis when she's got her 'air done nice. Lors! I wish I'd got long 'air like her—my 'air's a-comin' off dreadful."

"There'll be fine work to-morrow, I expect," said Betty, "when the master comes home, an' Dawes a-swearin' as he'll never do a stroke o' work for him again. It'll be good fun if he sets the justice on him for cuttin' him wi' the whip; the master 'll p'raps get his comb cut for once in his life!"

"Why, he was in a temper like a fiend this morning," said Kitty. "I dare say it was along o' what had happened wi' the missis. We shall hev a pretty house wi' him if she doesn't come back—he'll want to be leatherin' us, I shouldn't wonder. He must hev somethin' to ill-use when he's in a passion."

"I'd tek care he didn't leather me—no, not if he was my husband's ten times o'er: I'd pour hot drippin' on him sooner. But the missis hasn't a sperrit like me."

Sometimes the wit serves to feather the shaft of a good remark, as—"Slander may be defeated by equanimity; but courageous thoughts will not pay your baker's bill, and fortitude is nowhere considered legal tender for beef." Again, when speaking of the necessity of others believing in us if we are to believe in ourselves, he says:—

Let me be persuaded that my neighbour Jenkins considers me a block-head, and I shall never shine in conversation with him any more. Let me discover that the lovely Phoebe thinks my squint intolerable, and I shall never be able to fix her blandly with my disengaged eye again.

We have abstained from giving any hint of the conduct of the stories, lest the reader's pleasure should be diminished; and we have confined ourselves to a very few salient points. The extracts have sufficed to show that George Eliot is a new writer—or, if a writer already known, one who has adopted a decidedly new style. The work has satire, but the satire is loving; it has pathos, but the tears make human nature more beautiful; it is homely in its pictures, but they are connected with our most impassioned sensibilities and our daily duties; it is religious, without cant or intolerance; and as Ruskin says of a good book, "It may contain firm assertion or stern satire, but it never sneers coldly, nor asserts haughtily; and it always leads you to love or reverence something with your whole heart."

GLOSSOLOGY.*

THIS is an old-fashioned book on a new-fashioned subject. The writer has read a vast number of books, he has made careful extracts, and he has amassed a great variety of facts. He has thought about what he has read, and there is great clearness in all his arguments. But nevertheless the book is a failure, and it may tend to create very wrong ideas about the science of language, or Glossology, as Sir John Stoddart calls it. The book was published after the author's death, and there is every reason to suppose that if he had lived to carry his work through the press, he would have altered it considerably. In some parts, Sir John shows himself perfectly familiar not only with the last results, but, what is much more important, with the true method of Comparative Philology. In other parts, he writes like the writers of the last century, and makes the most medieval assertions about language. The science of language is no longer a subject to play with. For a time, every person who could pick up a pebble and look wise was called a geologist, and in a certain sense those amateur geologists, both ladies and gentlemen, have done much good. But after a while, Geology rose to the dignity of a science, and it was impossible to listen any longer to every crude theory that men who had found a shell or a fossil plant might try to support with more or less plausible arguments. The same in glossology. A hundred years ago, if a scholar discovered some similarity between certain words in English and in Hebrew, it was but natural that he should proclaim his theory that English was derived from Hebrew. It was impossible to refute his arguments, except perhaps by bringing forward some more plausible etymology. But if your etymologist was smitten with his own derivations, it was useless, as in all matters of love, to argue with him. At present, to derive an English word from Hebrew would be considered by the com-

* Glossology; or, the Historical Relations of Languages. By Sir John Stoddart, LL.D. 1858. Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

parative linguist as heresy, or rather as absurd. It would be like placing the Lias beneath the Red Sandstone.

Now Sir John Stoddart was fully aware of this, for he had read Grimm, and Bopp, and Diefenbach, and he knew that in the growth of language there is as much order and law as in the growth of the surface of the earth. And yet we are told by him that the word *arles*, which is not to be found in Johnson, but which in the north and west of England, and also in Scotland, signifies "money given in confirmation of a bargain, or by way of earnest for service to be performed," is of very ancient origin, being derived, as some think, from the Hebrew *arab*, pledged. The final *b*, it is said, appears in the Greek and Latin *arrabo*, a pledge, generally a ring given by way of earnest, and this *arrabo* was afterwards shortened to *arra*. Etymologies of this stamp do not require refutation, and we should have thought that such guesses at truth would no longer appear in print. It was different in the seventeenth century. In 1606 we can make allowance for such works as *L'harmonie etymologique des Langues Hebraïque, Chaldaïque, Syriacque, Grecque, Latine, Française, Italienne, Espagnole, Allemande, Flamande, Angloise, &c.*, par M. Estienne Guichard. Even in 1697 we are not startled by a title such as *Glossarium universale Hebraicum quo ad Hebraeae linguae fontes linguae et dialecti pene omnes revocantur*, auctore Lud. Thomasino. But in 1858 Hebrew or Phœnician or Phrygian etymologies for English words are somewhat out of date. And even where Sir John Stoddart adopts the results of the scientific explorers of language, and admits that English must be explained by means of Sanskrit and its cognate dialects, he falls into mistakes which are likely to create as much confusion as his derivations from Hebrew. Instead of treating Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and German as so many parallel varieties of one and the same type, he derives Latin from Sanskrit and German from Latin. This also was a natural mistake fifty years ago, when the great similarity between the classical languages of Greece and Italy and the classical idiom of India, the Sanskrit, first dawned before the minds of the scholars of Europe. When Sir William Jones learnt his first Sanskrit paradigm, and found that the auxiliary verb in Sanskrit was *asmi, asi, asti, I am, thou art, he is*, he might well be excused for rushing at the conclusion that the Greek *ἐσμι, ἐσσι, ἐστι*, must be derived from the sacred language of India. But such a theory, if theory it can be called, has long been given up. In this very instance the second person *asi*, "thou art," is less original or primitive in Sanskrit than it is in Greek. The termination is *si*, the root is *as*; hence it ought to have been in Sanskrit, *as-si*. But this form *as-si*, *thou art*, has in Sanskrit been corrupted into *asi*, whereas in Greek we have still the organic form, the Doric *ἴσσι*. To derive this from Sanskrit would be like deriving Anglo-Saxon from English. Nay, if we speak with a Lithuanian peasant—and there is many a recruit serving at Berlin who speaks Lithuanian, and to whom German is a foreign language—and if we ask him what the modern Lithuanian is for "thou art," he will say *esi*, with two *s*'s, as in Doric—that is to say, he will use a grammatical form, fixed or petrified in his native dialect at an earlier period in the growth of the Aryan languages than the *asi* of the Vedas. To derive Greek from Sanskrit, would be as much against all the rules of science as to derive French from Italian, or Spanish from Wallachian. All these Romance languages are sisters, daughters of the same mother, who, as an Italian writer expresses it, died in giving birth to her numerous offspring. Exactly the same happened in the ancient history of language. Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic, are daughters of a mother whose very name is now forgotten, but whose real existence cannot be doubted. If, therefore, Sir John maintains that the English *mind*, the Anglo-Saxon *mynde*, was taken from *mente*, the ablative of the Latin *mens*, he entirely overlooks the fact that *mind* is not a Norman word imported from French into English, but an old Teutonic word, the rightful heirloom shared in common by Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and all the other Indo-European dialects. In Sanskrit we have a verb *man*, to think; in Latin we have the reduplicated form *memini*, I remember; in Greek, *μνησκει*; in Gothic, *munan*. From this verb *munan*, and not from the Latin ablative *mente*, must be derived the Gothic *gaminthi*, memory. In a similar manner the Low German dialects, and among them the Anglo-Saxon, formed their substantive *gemynd*, memory, thought, and afterwards changed it into *mynd* and *mind*. There are many more shoots from this ancient root. To *mean*, in English, the German *meinen*, sprang from it. So did the German word *minne*, love, which is lost in modern English, but which, in Anglo-Saxon (*myne*), is still used in the sense of affection.

Classification—which, as in botany and mineralogy, has formed one of the most important problems of comparative philology—is treated by Sir John Stoddart in a thoroughly ante-Linnean spirit. Instead of looking for really characteristic marks according to which languages might be reduced to a natural system, and instead of establishing a principle of division connected with something inherent in the nature of languages, he falls back upon the old division into the languages of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. This state of infancy we certainly thought had been got over by comparative philologists. What should we say to a system of ornithology wherein the five great families of birds were called the European, Asiatic, African, American, Australian birds? And yet even birds of passage are less independent of the continents on which they live than

languages—the same tribe of language, as is well known, having taken possession of countries as distant as Ceylon and Iceland. It is no excuse to say that even at the present day there are languages which, if we adopt a more scientific system of classification, must remain unclassified. It is much better that this should be stated, and that the incomplete parts of a new and growing science should be clearly marked, than that a merely empirical system should be adopted which, though it may be more convenient, is without any rational basis. In Benham's work on the Philosophy of Language, it was pointed out, in the classification of the Turanian languages, that the language of Japan had still to be considered as but loosely united with the Turanian family. This very fact once pointed out, has caused new inquiries, and in an essay just published by Professor Boller of Vienna, it has been proved, with the most minute detail, that Japanese must be classed as a member of the Turanian family. Sir John's Stoddart's classification looks indeed very smooth and perfect, but it is in reality no classification at all.

Although on these and other grounds we must strongly protest against this volume of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* being accepted as a trustworthy guide to the science of language, there is a great deal in it that will be read with pleasure and interest. The author was a man of a highly-cultivated mind, fond of reading, and bent on reasoning out whatever excited his interest. He published in the same *Encyclopædia* a treatise on Universal Grammar, or the Pure Science of Language, and it is clearly from thence that he proceeded to the study of languages, or to the applied science of language. In his *Universal Grammar* he develops the principles in which all languages necessarily agree. He conceives that there is an idea of language in the human mind which is permanently and universally true. The rules of that ideal language would constitute what he calls universal grammar. What we call the grammar of a language would be considered by him as the realization of the universal by means of the individual; and comparative grammar, according to Sir John Stoddart, would be the collecting of many languages, testing their formation, construction, and powers by the common standard of universal grammar. No doubt a very interesting and useful work might be written on such a plan. But Sir John Stoddart, though evincing considerable power when reasoning in the abstract on the idea of language, is quite helpless when he approaches the facts of language or the history of human speech. His work is but another instance of the uselessness of all human reasoning that begins with theories and descends to facts. In the science of language, nothing is more to be guarded against than theory, or what is commonly called universal grammar. Here, as in all physical sciences, the rule which Leonardo da Vinci laid down a hundred years before Bacon applies with particular force:—"Begin with observation, go on with experiments, and, supported by both, try to find a law and causes." There is more philosophy in the simple facts of language than in the most recondite systems of universal grammar.

ANGLING IN FRANCE.*

FISHING in its scientific aspect is purely an English requirement. Just as in Scotland gardeners are said to be produced by the evil genius of the climate, in which it requires light art to grow a cabbage, so, where the rivers are more fished and there are few fish, necessity begets skill. Among ourselves books on angling form a distinct class. An Angler's library, from Ronald's *Manual* and Stoddart's *Opus Majus*, down to Mr. Routledge's shilling manuals, cannot be contained in a single shelf. Izaak Walton is a classic, but he speaks a dead language. As objects of bibliographical *luxure*, the fine illustrated editions will always find a place in a good library, and students of morals and English will always delight in his exquisite monograph, of which the piscatorial instruction must always have been its least valuable part; but he is as utterly useless as Dame Julia Berners herself. Fly-fishing he scarcely pretended to; and if his son Cotton ever caught Dove trout, we can only say from experience that

The fishes now are wiser than of yore.

Nos et in Arcadiâ. It has been ours to land more than a single trout out of Pike Pool itself, but the very fish would have laughed at us had we gone equipped with the gear and skill of the unequal lord of Beresford. The march of intellect is nowhere more conspicuous than among fish. It is only excelled by one thing—the increased skill of their enemies. We just keep ahead of our prey, but with difficulty. When it is remembered what flies are now, as compared with those of our grandfathers—that spinning is an invention of the last five and twenty years, and that many an angler's personnel is now valued at some hundreds of pounds—this can only be accounted for in one way. It is quite true that if an angler delivers himself over to his tackle-maker, he will have to pay more than enough for a superfluity of rubbish; but fish

* *La Pêche à la Ligne et au Filet dans les Eaux douces de la France* par N. Guillemaud. Paris: Hachette.
The Angler in the Lake District. By John Davy, M.D. Longman.
Fish and Fishing in the Lons Glens of Scotland. By R. Knox, M.A. London: Routledge.
Angling, and Where to Go. By Robert Blakey. London: Routledge.
The Angler's Guide. By the Rev. James Martin. London: Cox.
The Practical Angler, &c. By W. C. Stewart. Edinburgh: Black.
Fishes and Fishing, &c. By W. Wright, Esq., sen. London: Newby.

nowadays require the finest and most delicate tackle, and are not to be taken in England as they are in Siberia, which, now that Norway is nearly expiscated, is about the only place in the world where fish are so unsophisticated and guiltless of the ways of man as to be caught as in the days of Walton and Cotton.

Here are the French, a highly civilized nation, great in arts and arms—how comes it that fishing as a craft is almost unknown among them? Chiefly, we suspect, from political reasons. The feudal system so long survived that, netting being a seigniorial privilege, it came to be thought that angling was not a gentleman's work. This feeling is hardly yet dispelled, and so the educated mind has not yet applied itself to the craft; and where there is constant netting angling cannot flourish. It may seem to be a paradox, but the only way to have plenty of fish is to encourage a moderate amount of angling. A water cannot be netted and angled; but good angling improves a water. If a water is left to a state of nature, it becomes a tyranny and oligarchy of a few monsters, or it is overcrowded with a vile democracy. Angling tends to encourage a constitutional régime among the fishes. Now France is with its waters as with its political state—it is either fished out as in the netted rivers, or it is not sufficiently fished in other waters. A diligent cultivation of the art of angling would benefit France, not only socially, but economically. The better our neighbours fish, the more fish they will have. M. Guillemard is an innovator in French literature, where books on angling are scarce. His manual is one of the railway books; but from his scientific blunders—the result, however, not so much of other than a healthy respect for his art as of absolute and pitiable ignorance—we gather a melancholy proof of the immense inferiority of French angling to our own. The rude engines and clumsy craft here detailed may show that French fish have not yet attained that experienced sagacity which is the result of a century's persecution in England; and it is certain that M. Guillemard, if turned out on the Thames or Tay, would never catch his dinner. His book is a curious illustration of the social backwardness of France in a great field of energy and skill.

His introduction reads something like a faint Parisian echo of the old London linendraper who first made a literature of angling. He begins with a patristic authority, and is somewhat earlier in his apology for fishing than Walton, who defended his art only by apostolic example. "We go a fishing" is the motto of Izaak; but, says M. Guillemard, "though God cursed all creatures in Adam, fish are not partakers of original sin." And the reason is scholastic and curious—"because, as water was to become necessary for baptism, so it remained pure with all that it contains." "History," he adds, "confirms this; for the Deluge, so fatal to all other animal life, was to the fishes *une époque de joie et de bien-être*." After this, the example of Tobit, Jonah's whale, and the selection of the apostles from fishermen, rather than from hunters, is tame. The *catena*, however, will not be lost on clerical anglers, who, like Donne, Barrow, and Paley, are content to be Judicious Hookers. M. Guillemard is more practical in recommending angling to the attention of his compatriots by our English example and a catalogue of piscatorial worthies extending from Ovid to Rossini.

The first special deficiency in French fishing that we observe is that gut seems too much unknown to the French artists. In treating of lines and whipping-hooks, M. Guillemard is precise in his choice of hair, which is something like a recommendation of bows and arrows in a treatise on fortification; but gut, though we get it from Spain and Italy, is clearly an exception to the French artists, especially in its recent engine-turned development. In fact, so little does he seem to be aware of the excellences of gut, that he says that it is quite possible to kill a fish of three or four pounds with it. Advancing to baits, France is still in the dark ages. The worm, as in the days of the Tudors, is the chief bait, and as before Caxton, it is suggested to envelope it with thyme and rosemary. On the value of gentles (*asticoles*) M. Guillemard is impressive, and even poetical. He salutes them in terms of feminine endearment as *rondelettes et dodues*; and such a favourite is the maggot in France, that we find some of its devotees carry it in their mouths before baiting. But we must give a specimen of our author's enthusiasm. A man must have the elements of *le sport* in him who can write in this way on the art of killing—a bleak. With higher opportunities, M. Guillemard will do; but what a salmon-fisher is lost in one who can lash himself into ecstasy about minnow fishing:—

A few slight quiverings, a soft movement of the float, this is a certain sign that the fish has seized his prey. Stay. Do you not see that the quill is trembling and disappearing? *Allons! Strike!* Now is the time. *Eh, mon Dieu, what are you about? you strike too hard; you fling the fish yards behind you. You have caught your first fish, but caught him badly. Now let us see your prey. It is a bleak. *Allons! dégageons les victimes, et emportons encore.**

In roach fishing M. Guillemard seems to be ignorant of ground-bait, and still twaddles about cheese as a killing bait; but in the *chasse aux goujons* we are gratified to learn that raking the gravel has penetrated into France. In barbel-fishing the French are perhaps our masters, if we are to take M. Guillemard literally. He says that he himself and *Madame* are in the habit of combining the one literature and the other embroidery, with this sedentary and monotonous avocation. They attach a small handbell to the top joint of the rod, and our instructor assures us that the fish can be struck after the *carillon* sounds! Our

Thames barbel are not so accommodating—unless we strike at the first "tap" the fish is lost.

We proceed to the nobler fish. Pike fishing is yet in its infancy in France, at least if M. Guillemard is, as we believe, an authority. He absolutely knows of no other craft than live-bait fishing and night-lines stuck into the bank. Even trolling with the gorge is unknown; and as to scientific spinning, it must be among the Cabiric mysteries to our French friend. Indeed, we shrewdly suspect that as he reproduces the mythical pike of the Emperor Barbarossa, he has never actually tried jack fishing. He has heard of, at least he describes, gimp, but he only figures the common double hook, and traces seem to be unknown. We should like to have seen M. Guillemard, whose experience soars no higher than frog baits and a live gudgeon, assisting at a piscatorial exploit of two friends of ours last winter, when a dignified clergyman and a great ornithologist were each engaged in playing at the same moment—one his pike of eighteen pounds, and another of seventeen and a half, and each with a "flight of hooks" and gut traces—and when each killed his fish. The spoon-bait and the paternoster for jack-fishing do not seem to have crossed the channel; and artificial gudgeons, minnows, and the abominable poaching otter and devil are equally and long may they remain unknown. It is to be noticed that M. Guillemard only speaks of running tackle, and even a reel, in connexion with fly-fishing, which leads us to suspect that experimentally he is more acquainted with gudgeon, and bleak, and the barbel of the Pont Neuf, than with the nobler fishes. And it shows the low estate of French tackle-making that M. Guillemard proposes attaching the winch to the rod by two "bracelets of vulcanized caoutchouc."

It is simply humiliating to the scientific mind to accompany our good Guillemard in his lamentable chapters on fly-fishing. He has not yet attained Cotton's accomplishments. Dribbling for trout he considers a high achievement. The fly he deems useless where there are any trees, and he has no suggestions about wading. To compensate, however, he has a chapter on fishing with a silver hook, a practice which is not altogether unknown among ourselves.

With all these drawbacks, it is satisfactory so think that fishing is in the ascendant in France. We auspicate for it a noble future from the following anecdote. The ladies cultivate the art, and not without success, among ourselves, and we have had the honour to assist more than one gentle dame on a successful day's spinning for pike. We have known more than one who can throw a fly and kill her fish, but a lady skilled in the casting-net is new to us. Angling is the craft in which women so skilled in other lures are qualified to excel; but netting, we must say, where "all is fish," looks too like the Aphrodite Pandemos for us to recommend to the British fair. M. Guillemard must describe in his own classical language a heroine, the like of whom we have not experienced on English waters:—

I remember to have seen on the Meuse a *belle châtelaine* whose aristocratic hands did not disdain the casting-net. For those who had seen her in the evening doing the honours of her salon with all its graces, she was a delight to behold at the river side, with her long auburn tresses knotted up under a hood straw hat, and her elegant figure under a neat black velvet jacket. *Que sa pose était noble, lorsque, la tête haute et le corps cambré sur les hanches, elle était prête à se défendre comme un ressort flexible, pour lancer en avant le lourd filet drapé sur son épaule et couvrant d'un voile transparent des formes dignes de la statuaire antique!*

The only substantial acquisition to our knowledge in M. Guillemard is a "dodge" for catching minnows, which Mr. Grantley Berkeley speaks of with commendation. It is a white glass bottle, made just like a wine-bottle, of which the interior cone is perforated with a hole, and the neck is covered with a fine wire netting, or pierced zinc. The bottle is sunk in the stream, and the minnows swim into it, and are detained on the ordinary live rat-trap or eel-pot principle. We have never tried it, nor has M. Guillemard, but Mr. Berkeley speaks of it as successful in his own experience. Pisciculture, as it is called, the art of breeding fish for stocking waters, is perhaps more advanced in France than among ourselves; and we should like to see experiments on artificial breeding of trout after Boccia's plan, multiplied in the southern rivers, especially in the Thames. This would be a work of higher and better range for the Thames Angling Preservation Society than staking Teddington deeps for gudgeon fishers. We reserve for another occasion the English works on our list.

TIME AND FAITH.*

WE have had some difficulty in determining how this book ought to be dealt with. Its absurdity is so extravagant as to suggest the suspicion of a hoax; yet at the same time it is so bulky, so elaborate, so pointless, and so dull, that we could not well conceive how any one should have perpetrated it except under the influence of a solemn conviction. We feel, therefore, that, in treating the *Inquiry* as a serious production, we may very possibly be exposing ourselves to ridicule as the victims of some Montomini or Filopanti; but, on the whole, it seems well to run the risk.

We have not been so fortunate as to make out exactly the author's drift. It is clear that he means to unsettle something, and to substitute something else for it; but how much of the

* *Time and Faith: an Inquiry into the Data of Ecclesiastical History.* 2 vols. London: Groombridge, 1857.

ordinary belief of English Christians is to be overthrown, and what he would give us in its stead, is more than we have been able to discover. We freely admit that the fault is possibly our own—that the object of the book might probably have become quite clear to us if we had taken the trouble to read it with greater attention. But if any reader should infer from this that we have not bestowed on it as much attention as it deserves, he will, we think, be very speedily convinced that he is mistaken. The preface informs us that—

The object of the present work is to call attention to points of early civilisation overlooked by historians, or inadequately discussed; to correct mistaken notions of the primitive faith of mankind; and to trace the growth of the religious sentiment, from its first development, to the rise and spread of Nicene forms of Christianity.

That the argument takes a somewhat curious course, may be gathered from the titles of the early chapters:—Chap. I. "Weeks"—Chap. II. "The Western Hemisphere"—Chap. III. "Time"—Chap. IV. "The Sacerdotal Age"—Chap. V. "The Mosaic Sabbath"—and so forth. The grand solvents on which the essayist relies are etymology and the mystery of numbers; and the results which he obtains by the application of these are very marvellous. Starting with the consideration of "weeks," he attacks the opinion of a universal septenary division of days, and deduces the word *Sabbath*, not according to the usual derivation, but from *Sab*, an Egyptian name of Saturn. The vulgar belief as to the origin of the Israelites is declared to be a fable; the Jews, it is said, were the people of *Iewe*, which is the same word with *Theos*—that being a corruption of *Zeus*. *Jupiter*, therefore, means *Father of Jews*, and the original country of these was Cyprus.

As a sample of the coolness and ease with which the Old Testament narrative is disposed of, we may quote the Inquirer's explanation of the Passover:—

The history or tradition of one of those moral proxymys, or religious frenzies, when a holocaust of human victims was usually called for in ancient times, may be gathered from the account given us of the origin of the Passover—when "the Lord slew all the first-born of the land of Egypt, both the first-born of man and the first-born of cattle." We recognise in these words the customary phraseology of the sacerdotal age. The "sword of the Lord," in this case, we may reasonably suspect to have been the sacrificial knife; and those who smote with it in the name of Heaven to have been Egyptian or Midianite priests, seeking to appease the Divine wrath by human victims. The Israelites were in a position to learn the secret sign of the families to be spared, and to profit by it. Moses communicated the intelligence to his own countrymen.

Then follows a description of a procession such as that of Juggernaut, passing through the streets of a city by night:—

When the sacrificial priests, or the military in attendance, seized a victim for the altar, it was God himself who [was supposed to have] issued the mandate under which they acted. If we picture to ourselves a procession of this kind, we shall perceive, in the obvious danger incurred by every stranger meeting it, why the Israelites were charged to remain within doors on the night in question, and the significance of the whole injunction becomes clear.

The Jewish Sabbath, we are told, was not a day of religious exercises, so much as of jollity and merrymaking; and the severer precepts as to the observance of it, with the instances by which they are enforced, are illustrated from the history of trades' unions. In short, there was a combination not to work on the Sabbath, and, as has happened nearer home, some of those who *did* work were put to death—not for impiety, but for breaking the law of the League:—

The precedent was not very extensively followed; but in later times, when the offence of Sabbath-breaking had become common, the perhaps traditional fact, that a man had once been stoned to death for no greater crime, was naturally referred to by the zealous as a warning, and ascribed to a Divine command.

As to early Christianity, our author has a vast number of delusions to clear away. In the first place, he assures us that the word *Christ* has no connexion with *unction*, nor does it answer to the Hebrew *Messiah*; but it is derived from "*Chrēstēs*, an expounder of oracles—or, in modern language, and as applicable to an interpreter of the Hebrew Scriptures, a divine." Then it was somehow mixed up with "*Chrēstos*, upright and good." But a still more important error has been the confusion of *Christians* with *Krisians*, the worshippers of "*Krisos*, a mystic name for the solar period of 600 years." Then, again, the worshippers of *Theos* have been wrongly supposed to be Christians. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Church of Rome in Nero's day was Christian. No! it was a Church of *Theos*, and Churches of *Theos* continued to exist until at least the time of Constantine—the object of their worship being gradually identified with the Platonic Trinity, and the idea of a Trinity being afterwards introduced into Christianity by the fusion of these Platonic congregations with Christians.

The Inquirer tries his hand at the interpretation of the Apocalypse, and in so doing shows an amount of scholarship which marks him out as a formidable rival to Dr. Cumming himself. Witness a note on chap. xvii. verse 9:—

We suspect the seven hills of Rome, by suggesting a wrong association, have here led to a false reading—*orē* (ὄρη), for *hore* (ὄρη), mountains for frontiers or national boundaries.

Equally happy is his derivation of a conspicuous New Testament name, Timothy, from "*to ἡμῶν θεός*, the demi-god—an appropriate complimentary title for a hero."

The etymologies which suppose the preposition *κατά* to be an element in the words *Catholic* and *catechise* are finely exploded:—

Catechumen and *catechise* are derived from the Greek *kate-échē*, rendered "to resound;" but assuming the *kat* to be the *Greek*, which we know to

have been a name of God, and conjecture to have been, with a different spelling, the name of God to the Asiatic *Gittites* or *Getai*, we obtain a better meaning; *katechéō* is, then, "to pour forth, to chant the praise of God."

On the same principle, *Catholic* is declared to be "a form of the German *götter-gleich*, God-like;" *Cataphrygians* are votaries of the Phrygian *God*; and possibly we may find, when the promised continuation of the work appears, that Whittington's *cat* was nothing less than a mystical designation of the object of the Thrice-Lord-Mayor's worship.

The bishops of early ages, we are told, were either civil officers (for *episcopos* was a term anciently applied to secular overseers), or else they were the chief ministers, not of Christianity only, but of other religions; so that when we read of bishops meeting in the second century for the discussion of the time of Easter, we are to understand an assemblage of "ministers of all denominations," with a view to an object equally interesting to Christian, Jew, and heathen—the rectification of the almanack. One early bishop, whose name has lately acquired an unexpected celebrity, is accounted for in a way which will be alike surprising to Baron Bunsen, and to his ablest opponent, Professor Döllinger:—

We now hear of Hippolytus as "*episcopos* of the Port of Rome;" and the liberal views of Alexander Severus seem to support the conjecture that this was not an ecclesiastical, but a secular office, in the Government gift; one connected with the customs, for which Hippolytus was well qualified, his knowledge of Greek enabling him to hold direct intercourse with the Greek merchants by whom the port was chiefly frequented. He may, however, have been both a secular and an ecclesiastical *episcopos*—that is to say, both a commissioner of customs and president of a religious congregation. Whatever his exact position, we know him, at least, as a Platonic Christian, &c.

The word *Dominicum* draws forth a rare display of philological skill. A church, in the early times, we are told, was—

known as a *Domos*, because a place of sacred offerings, and so called from *dōma*, a gift, whence in time every large building obtains the name of *dōma* (Latin *domus*), retained in *Dom*, the present name for a cathedral throughout Germany and Italy, and known as a *Dominicum* when a building of smaller dimensions than a *Domos*.

On the last words of this we have the following note:—

From the probable relation of *mini* to the Latin *minus*, and to the Greek *minythē*, to lessen. The *cum* is the Greek *syn*, as in *synagogē*; *in* or *en*, in the sense of joined together.

And as a church was called *Dominicum*, so Sunday was styled *Dies Dominica*—which, we are informed, does not mean "The Lord's Day," but "The Dominical Day, or day of the Church; the day for attending a *Dominicum*." What, however, the *mini* means in this word, the author does not condescend to inform us.

Passing over sundry curious matters, we come to the account of Constantine, who is rather roughly handled. The story of his vision has been pretty well battered by earlier writers, so that there is little room for novelty as to it; but here is a bit of etymology which is new to us:—

The word *Labarum* has occasioned great perplexity to philologists, not suspecting its cabalistic meaning. *Labarum* is 318—the number of *Helios*, the Sun.

Constantine, according to our author, was nothing better than a sun-worshipper all his days. His edict for the observance of Sunday had reference, not to Christianity, but to the rites of Hercules, Apollo, and Mithras; and Eusebius knew very well (although the roguish court-bishop did not let out the fact) that the Emperor was devoted, not to *Christos*, but to "*Krisos*, the great year of 600 solar years." The Council of Nicea itself, which has been ignorantly regarded as the bulwark of Christian orthodoxy, turns out to have been an assembly of astronomers and sun-worshippers, as is evident from the number of which it is traditionally said to have consisted—318, the number of the sun; and although, for the sake of appearances, it drew up a formula of faith, its real object was the settlement of Easter and of the calendar. Nay, the very monogram I.H.S. is nothing else than a covert allusion to the mystical 318.

Although the two volumes now published come down only to the death of Constantine, we meet here and there with new etymological and mythological lights on later things. Thus we learn that the word *Saron* is compounded of "the Celtic prefix *S*" and "*Arios*, the Black Sea;" and that,

Iona (Hebrew for a dove) is altered from the *Io* and *Iais* of Egypt, and the *Venus* of Cyprus, one of whose symbols was the dove, whence the island is also called *Columba*; but, according to the Catholics, so called from the name of imaginary *Saint Columbus*, [sic]. The river *Isis* at Oxford, and its Coat of Arms, a Bull, or Ox, show the close connexion of Druidical and ancient Eastern mythology.

These flowers are culled from a work of Mr. Godfrey Higgins, entitled *Anacalypsis*, and for such writers as Mr. Higgins and his follower, it of course matters nothing that Oxford really derives its name not from *Ox*, but from *Ouse*, or that the fashion of styling the Thames in the upper part of its course *Isis* dates only from the pedantry of the seventeenth century. But it does strike us, that the year which witnessed the publication of Dr. Reeves' *Adamnan* is a strangely chosen time for retailing the denial of St. Columba's existence.

Having once discovered *Isis* in these western parts, our author makes the most of Egyptian Mythology. It is interesting to know that the unwieldy beast who annually pants his way along the Boulevards of Paris, represents the rites of Osiris, and is connected with "the religious veneration of the Hindus for the cow;" and, further, that the word *Carnival* does not mean, as Byron (of all etymological authorities!) imagined, "Farwell to meat," but is identical with "*Karneia*, the name by which the

nine-days' festival of Isis was chiefly known among the Greeks." That the Karneia bore no resemblance to the Carnival, and were celebrated at an entirely different season, are (we need scarcely say) circumstances too trifling to enter into the Inquirer's consideration.

No nonsense of this kind can, of course, be complete, without something as to the Irish Round Towers. We therefore looked with some curiosity for the author's opinion on that subject; and we have not been surprised to find that he disallows Mr. Petrie's opinion of their Christian origin—an opinion which, we believe, is generally admitted to rest on a sound foundation of historical and architectural knowledge—or that he supposes them to have been Druidical observatories.

The printer, who seems to have been very much left to himself, has contributed his share to the oddities of these volumes. In the Greek and Hebrew quotations, accents and points fly about in the wildest disorder, and when Greek words are written in English letters—(a favourite practice, which sometimes has a rather puzzling effect, as where we are told that Josephus speaks of "the Iekthenta party" of the Essenes)—there are the strangest blunders in spelling. The author attempts to remedy the mischief in a manner worthy of himself—partly by MS. corrections (for we presume, that to him we are indebted for those which appear in our copy), partly by a general apology for such continually recurring misprints as *Apostolai* and *Evangelai*, and partly by a set of foot-notes to the Index—a novel apparatus, which serves at once for the rectification of the printer's *errata* and of his own views on certain points.

We are bound to acknowledge that, however objectionable some of the Inquirer's opinions may be, there is nothing offensive in his tone. We have no doubt that he is an amiable, as well as a very wrong-headed gentleman; and we are very sorry that he has published a book which has obliged us to treat him so freely.

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EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

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From the Report which was read, it appeared that during the year ending 1st March last 470 Policies were issued. The sum thereby assured amounted to £213,970, and the Annual Premiums thereon to £7,033.

The following was the position of the Society at 1st March, 1858:—

Amount of Existing Assurances	£4,957,144
Annual Revenue	182,717
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Copies of the Report may now be had at the Head Office, or from any of the Society's Agents.

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29th May, 1858.

By order of the Committee.
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